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Growing Support For Ex-POWs' Claims Against Japan

(Our Own Correspondent)

London, Apr. 20. Support is growing daily for the claim put forward by British ex-Prisoners-of-War in the Far East for compensation against the Japanese.

Nearly 280 MP's of all political parties are supporting the motion in Parliament urging Government to press this claim, meetings are being held up and down the country to put the ex-POWs' case before the public and newspapers are being bombarded with letters on the subject.

There is a strong body of public opinion which believes the signing of the peace treaty with Japan by Britain should be made dependent on guarantees that claims for compensation will be paid.

The London Evening News says today: "The Japanese made much of their so-called chivalrous code of conduct—chivalry but in their savagery and arrogant callousness to their prisoners they revealed that code as a loathsome sham."

BEASTLY SYSTEM

"Their parade of 'sincerity' (a virtue of which they made much) was in fact shameless adherence to their beastly system of manners."

"In Singapore, in Java, in Hongkong, in Siam—above all on the infamous 'railway of death' between Bangkok and Moulmein—they showed what they really were."

"So far as the returned prisoners are concerned," the paper continues, "no doubt there is no money payment which can bring back the lost years or restore to life their murdered comrades—those whose emaciated and disease-ridden bodies lined the embankment of that railway, for instance."

"Though they cannot forget, many would doubtless forgive." But the Evening News points out the British Government is involved—it has given its pledge to hold the Japanese responsible for atrocities committed against prisoners.

Brigadier J. G. Smyth VC, one of the chief sponsors of the motion which has been put down in the House of Commons, writes in a letter to The Times: "The time is ripe for re-iterating in no uncertain terms that all war is utterly abhorrent and to be outlawed with all our strength; but if war does come upon us there are certain codes of humanity and human decency which we insist shall be observed."

Aerial Search For British Sub Continues

Portsmouth, Apr. 20.

Royal Air Force planes, equipped with special new magnetic devices, were today ordered into the English Channel search for the missing British submarine, Affray.

The Affray, with 75 men aboard, vanished without trace southwest of the Isle of Wight on Monday evening after a training night dive.

Ships and aircraft started a frantic hunt for her on Tuesday morning.

By dusk last night they still had not found her and hope was abandoned for the crew.

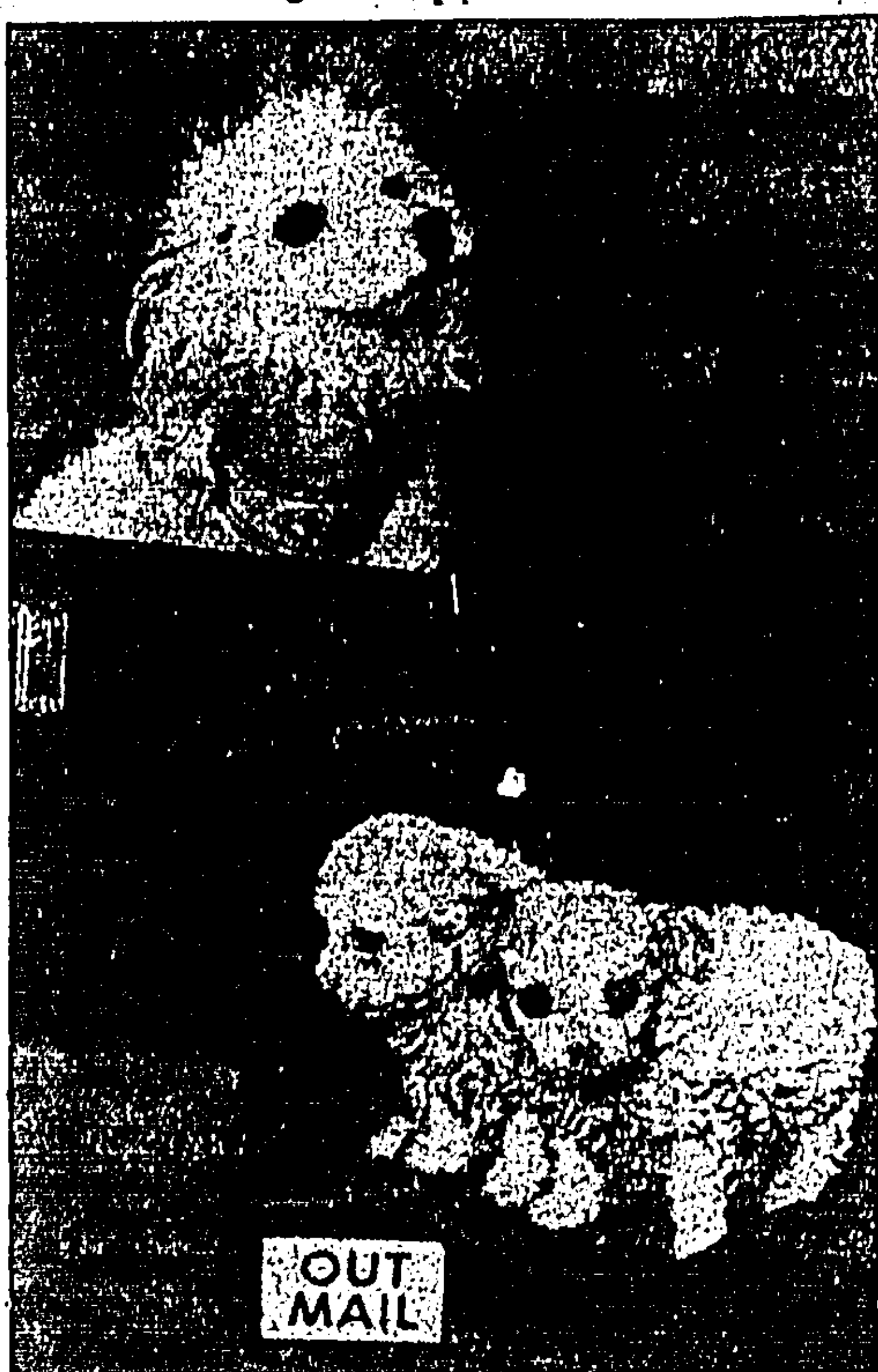
Aircraft using magnetometers (devices for locating metal objects throwing out magnetic waves) were flown into action this morning. Divers stood by on the search vessels, ready to investigate all underwater objects located by the sound-echo devices.

Speculation on the fate of the Affray inclined today to support the theory that the Affray had turned turtle, pulling her batteries and flooding the hull with deadly chlorine gas.

This would account for the lack of wreckage and the fact that the new commander of submarine, a last war submarine hero, Lieutenant J. Blackburn, sent up neither marker buoys nor crew members.

It is likely that divers will take at least two days to investigate all the underwater objects so far located.—Reuter.

Travelling Family



Coco, a French poodle, sat patiently in her portable doghouse at LaGuardia Airport in New York, while her two wobbly-legged little offspring were undecided about where to go. She stood it as long as she could, then one loud yelp brought the result that when last seen, all three were in the large box. The dogs belong to Hollywood director Robert Siodmak who was en route with them to the west coast film capital.

Frayed Tempers Follow MacArthur's Speech

Washington, Apr. 20.

Five Senators took part in a two-minute scuffle in the Senate office building today when frayed tempers snapped after the debate on MacArthur and Far Eastern policy. Only three of them actually tangled—Senators Homer Capehart, Hubert Humphrey and Herbert Lehman. Two others—Senators Robert Taft and Herman Welker—got in only to pull the others apart.

No hard blows were struck, although Mr. Welker said the 220-pound Capehart might have landed a "light" one on Mr. Humphrey. But eye-witnesses to what happened in the office building's radio recording studio reported there was considerable tugging and pulling.

Senators Humphrey and Lehman issued a joint statement later saying Senator Capehart made "misleading statements" about the incident. It said Mr. Capehart "falsely charged us with being Communist sympathizers and supporters of Red China" in a broadcast recording. The joint statement said Mr. Humphrey afterwards told Mr. Capehart: "I deeply resent this type of vilification, character assassination and malicious unfounded statements—I want no more of it."—United Press.

MIXED RECEPTION

Washington, Apr. 20.

President Truman received scattered boos and applause today when he arrived at Griffith Stadium to throw the first ball in the delayed opening game between the New York Yankees and Washington Senators.

The demonstration came as Mr. Truman made his first public appearance before a non-political gathering since he dismissed General MacArthur last week. The boos and applause were quickly drowned out as the Army band played "Hail to the Chief."

This was the first time a President had been booed at a baseball game since 1929, when Herbert Hoover was heckled by shouts of "we want beer" from fans at a World Series game in Philadelphia.—United Press.

Snuff Replaces Tobacco

London, Apr. 20.

The high cost of tobacco smoking in Britain is driving more people to snuff. The paradox apparently is that you do not pay through the nose for tobacco if you take it via the nostrils. The discovery by the public has led to a big increase in business, leading snuff shops report. One expert said today that an ounce of good snuff will last even a heavy addict a week and cost him only five to six shillings.

With cigarettes at 3/6d. for 20, and pipe tobacco at about 4s. an ounce, smoking now cost three or four times as much.—Reuter.

Terrorists Slain

Singapore, Apr. 20.

Seven more terrorists have been killed by security forces in operations in three different States—Sabah, Sarawak, and Selangor—the authorities said today.

GULF OF MEXICO DISASTER Tankers Collide: Heavy Loss Of Life Feared

New Orleans, Apr. 20.

Two Standard Oil tankers collided in the Gulf of Mexico on Friday, and a message from a third ship said one of the tankers, the Esso Greensboro, was surrounded by fire and "no one on board was believed to be alive."

Another report said however some survivors apparently were in the water.

The other Esso tanker involved was the 17,800-ton Esso Suez. The skipper of the Esso Suez radioed that his Chief Mate was killed and four seamen badly hurt.

The Coast Guard's Eighth District headquarters in New Orleans subsequently picked up a radioed message from the Esso New York which said: "There is fire all around the Greensboro. No one is believed alive."

The tankers usually carry a crew of 48.

The Esso Suez was on fire, but her skipper radioed that the flames were under control.

Lieutenant R.S. McNeal, of the Navy air station at Corpus Christi, Texas, said a PBX plane which had flown over the Esso Greensboro reported vessel was "burning very badly and apparently had been abandoned... There are apparently some survivors in the water."

As the apparent size of the disaster grew, the Coast Guard ordered five cutters to the scene.

The tankers collided at about 5 a.m. in the far-bound Gulf of Mexico about 200 miles south-southwest of New Orleans. Apparently both the Esso Greensboro and the Esso Suez were still burning.

The PBX radioed a report that the Esso Suez was "still burning from the bow" after a message had been received from the skipper to the effect that the fire was under control.

The Coast Guard said the plane also reported the Esso Suez was "charred from stem to stern and moving toward port at a speed of about three knots. It also reported the crew of the Esso Suez was on deck and the lifeboats still in the davits."

The Esso Suez was in ballast en route from Baltimore to Corpus Christi. Usually enough petrol fumes remain in the holds of empty tankers however to cause substantial fires.—United Press.

SENATOR'S PREDICTION

Taipei, Formosa, Apr. 20.

United States Senator Warren Magnuson predicted at a Press conference here on Friday a United States military mission would be announced for Formosa "very soon."

The Senator said: "I predict we will have a full-fledged military mission here very soon. I do not know exactly under what auspices it will work, but I believe I can safely predict there will be one."

The Senator said in talks with Mr. John Foster Dulles in Japan he was told the United States intends to stand adamant on including Nationalist China in the treaty discussion. He said he believed the British proposal to include Red China in the negotiations and hand Formosa over to the Reds would never be acceptable to the United States.—United Press.

Enemy Losses In Korea

Washington, Apr. 20.

The estimated enemy casualties in Korea were 813,873 up to last Wednesday, the United States Army announced today.

A spokesman said that this total was made up of 594,835 North Koreans; 291,895 Chinese and 17,143 not yet identified.

The total included 149,143 prisoners.

The Army makes its estimate by counting the dead and the prisoners, and adding approximations for other casualties. This results in a probable figure instead of a proved total.

Attempt To Avoid Salvage Court Suit

New York, Apr. 20.

Judge Irving Kaufman today heard arguments in which the Isbrandtsen Company is seeking to avoid a salvage suit filed in the United States District Court by the British Government.

The British Government is seeking salvage from the American freighter Flying Arrow, which was shelled by the Chinese Nationalist gunboat Yung Feng in the Yangtze on January 9, 1950, and subsequently was added by the Royal Navy sloop Black Swan. The Black Swan answered the Flying Arrow's call for assistance and some of her men boarded the freighter and helped fight fires which had been started by the 15 shells from the gunboat.

In the Federal court house last week, Isbrandtsen Company, represented by James Ryan, asked that the British suit be dismissed, asserting that the Court lacked jurisdiction since the Black Swan was merely doing her duty in assisting the Flying Arrow. Mr. Ryan argued that it was "elementary and well settled" law that there was no salvage if service for which compensation is asked is part of the legal duty of the salvor.

"No more effective or pernicious method could be devised or suggested for making the seas during peace completely unsafe for travel by unarmed merchant vessels and their passengers and crews than for the courts now, as asked by the British government by bringing suit, to invest and announce a new and revolutionary rule that armed public vessels or warships have no duty under International Law to prevent or restrict loss of life and property resulting from what it is obvious to them is criminal or unlawful attack made on the high seas in violation of International Law and of a plainly murderous nature."

The British Government, represented by Edwin Longo, claimed that the bonding party's assistance was "prompt, efficient and successful and constituted salvage service of high merit." The Government said that after the fires were out the Flying Arrow had saved \$1,000,000 and the Government claimed salvage awards and expenses incurred by the Black Swan. Mr. Longo told the United Press he established in court today that American warships were definitely entitled to salvage.

He said Isbrandtsen's plan was "merely delaying action" and not supported by law.

"We expect Judge Kaufman to tell Isbrandtsen to stop bonding and let the law and facts speak for themselves," he said.

James Ryan, Isbrandtsen's lawyer, is expected to announce his intention to appeal today.

New York Gives MacArthur Rousing Welcome

New York, Apr. 20.

The first ranks of an unprecedented throng of 5,000,000 began wild cheers of acclamations as General Douglas MacArthur stepped from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel here into a large and open car at six minutes past 11 o'clock this morning.

His parade route of 24 miles through the city's streets was massed with teeming crowds under a canopy of flags and a cloudless blue sky.

The General's car was part of a 50 car procession which had an escort of 86 motorcycles. Torn paper showered from buildings along the usually staid residential district between the Hotel and the Park.

The pavements along Park Avenue were packed seven and eight deep.

The General, seated in the right rear seat, waved a gloved hand at the noisy acclaim.

The police had difficulty holding the crowds back at some points.

Many of the spectators came from neighboring states—Connecticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The route took the cavalcade from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on fashionable Park Avenue to Central Park in the heart of the city, then south to Times Square and on to the Battery at the Southern tip of Manhattan Island.

Hours before the parade, swarms of blue-coated policemen stretched from the hotel, starting point away along the route bordered by shop-windows blazing signs, "Welcome Home General MacArthur."

At dawn, a huge special flag, bearing the five stars of the General's rank, was unfurled on the Hotel's roof. An American flag flew beside it.

PEACE PAMPHLETS A half dozen people in Times Square sought to distribute peace pamphlets, but the police hustled them out of the area.

The pamphlets urged President Truman to "bring our boys home from Korea."

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were cheered by the crowd when they emerged from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to go to the flat of a friend to watch the MacArthur parade. They smiled and waved as they received the cheers.

About 70,000 schoolchildren were excused classes to represent the city's schools.

More than 1,000 street cleaners stood by, assigned to sweep probably over 1,800 tons of waste paper and tinker tape after it had littered down from skyscraper windows.

A full-throated roar rolled through Times Square as the General passed through New York's theatrical district beneath a shower of ticker tape that glistened like snow in the bright sun.

One wave of cheers after another marked the parade's progress. Some schoolgirls shouted greetings to General MacArthur's young son, Arthur, riding in the second car with his mother.

On the avenue of the Americas, a contingent of 32 Venezuelan cadets stood stiffly at attention. The General gave them an informal salute.

Ticker tape and torn paper snowed from windows in the financial district and turned the air into a white haze.

The General arose from the car seat and perched himself on the back of the tourer. In the car behind him, his wife and son did the same.

FREEDOM OF CITY

Intermittently, the General touched the visor of his cap or waved, as thunderous applause and shouts rolled up from the crushing throngs.

Bands played martial refrains, as the procession moved north to the City Hall.

Standing on the steps of the City Hall when he arrived there, General MacArthur said, "This is America and with God's help we shall keep it American."

He described the reception given him as tremendous and said that he and his wife would never forget it.

The Mayor, Mr. Vincent Impellitteri, welcomed General MacArthur in the City Hall ceremony as the "last of the war leaders to return home."

New York "offered" General MacArthur "the freedom of the city along with its intense gratitude," Mr. Impellitteri said.

He then presented a scroll and a medal to the General.

After the City Hall ceremony the motor cavalcade proceeded to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for an official civic luncheon in the General's honor.—Reuter.

REPRESENTATIVE FOR KASHMIR

New York, Apr. 20.

The Security Council will shortly appoint a United Nations representative for Kashmir, with the former American Senator, Mr. Frank Graham, as the most likely choice, usually well-informed sources said today.

The Council decided on March 29 by eight votes to three to appoint a representative in place of Sir Owen Dixon, former President of North Carolina University, was the United States representative on the United Nations Gold Officers Committee in Indonesia.—Reuter.

COMMENT OF THE DAY

General MacArthur's Speech

GENERAL MacArthur's eloquent address to Congress cannot fail to have a profound effect, not only in the United States, but elsewhere. It points up, as much as anything could, the wide cleavage between Mr. Truman's Administration and General MacArthur on the subject of how the Korea conflict should be politically and militarily conducted. The General, not unnaturally, chose to avoid stressing the political aspects of the dispute and concentrated on the military problems. In so doing he makes it possible for the unwary to forget that these two facets of the Korea undertaking are inextricably interrelated and complementary. Thus MacArthur commits some injustice when he complains about laymen severely criticising his proposals to take more punitive action for the purpose of ending hostilities in Korea. The former Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations forces clearly thought in terms only of military strategy. But the "laymen," which in fact include some of the world's leading statesmen and diplomats, have had to consider wider implications and dangers—the most forbidding being the possibility, even the probability, of setting off World War III if the bombing of Manchurian bases were approved. General MacArthur suggests very broadly that the US Joint Chiefs of Staff concurred with his military assessment of the new situation in Korea created by the entry of Chinese Communist forces into the arena. Moreover, he is probably speaking the truth. But, once again, he ignores the political aspect, and by inference, unfairly hints that the Chiefs of Staff were guilty of the same thing. More likely it is that the Chiefs of Staff shared General MacArthur's

appreciation of the exclusively military problem, but also realised that decision could not rest on that consideration alone; knew that to adopt MacArthur's proposed strategy would be to invite an immediate extension of warfare into global proportions, and agreed with President Truman and others that any policy or action which might bring about such a result would be disastrous and unforgivable. General MacArthur indulged in a challenging address, and not only on the main issues. His analysis of Colonialism, for example, is open to considerable dispute, notably his inference that the only worthy demonstration of enlightened tutelage is that of the United States in the Philippines. Britain can afford to dismiss such an ungenerous statement with an indulgent smile, but the discerning will note it as one of several unbalanced portions of the General's speech. His references to present conditions in Formosa, for instance, were naive and propagandist. What can be conceded is that General MacArthur developed his theme carefully and well. That at no stage did he give the impression of being on the defensive. Moreover, his views and conclusions, no matter if it is impossible to concur with them, command respect. It is, perhaps, the most unfortunate feature of controversies of this nature that only history can decide which is the right answer. It would be childish to deny that MacArthur's speech has added fuel to an already dangerous political conflagration in the United States, but he was entitled to be heard, and it remains to his credit that he invested his appearance before Congress (and for that matter before the world) with dignity and sincerity.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S DRY SACK

The World Famous Sherry

CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Description Of Anzac Day Cenotaph Service To Be Relayed By Radio Hongkong

The name 'Anzac' is derived from the initials of a Dominion force employed at Gallipoli in the First World War—Australian and New Zealand Army Corps—which brought glory upon itself on the 25th April 1915 by storming its way at dawn through the beaches of Gallipoli, in the Dardanelles, to attack enemy forces entrenched in the precipitous hills beyond.

Anzac Day, on the 25th of April each year, became after that a day of commemoration and mourning for Australians and New Zealanders all over the world, and since World War II it has also been in commemoration of the Fallen in both World Wars. This year, for the first time, the services will honour the Fallen of the Australians and New Zealanders in Korea with the United Nations forces.

Tomorrow is the Sunday immediately before Anzac Day, and the Commemoration Service will be held at the Cenotaph, Statue Square, at 9.45 a.m. A description of the Combined Services Parade by a Services Commentator will be relayed by Radio Hongkong at that time.

Detachments taking part in the Parade will, fittingly, include one officer and twenty ratings from the New Zealand Frigate Hawea, which is now in Hongkong waters on a brief visit.

Monday is 23rd April—a date of double significance for Englishmen. It is the day which was set aside long ago for the Patron Saint of England, St George, and also it is the anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare, England's greatest poet. "England and St George" at 7.30 p.m. on Monday links the commemoration of the Saint with that of the Bard by telling the age-old tale of St George and the Dragon and by recalling some of Shakespeare's greatest lines on war and peace. This is a BBC recording and the cast includes Robert Harris, Grizelda Hervey, and Ralph Truman. The music is arranged by Alfred Niemann.

Another BBC programme on Monday is "The Englishman's Music" which comes at 10.15 p.m. It is a panorama of the native music of England, played and sung by men, women and children who make music because they like it. There are brass bands from Cornwall and the North Country, a bar-full of querrymen, shepherds and farmers singing "Ilkka Moor" in a Yorkshire pub, an amateur string orchestra in Derby, the Singer's Club in Birmingham, and the Royal Marines down at Chatham putting all they know into "Lilliburlero". There are even the bellringers in the tower of a Suffolk village church.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 845 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in the 31 metre band).

Monday

12.30 "PROGRAMME SUMMARY".
12.35 MORNING SONG (MAXTIME IN SUBS).
12.40 DEDICATION TO R.H.H. Princess Elizabeth.
12.45 BAND OF H.M. GRENADEIR GUARDS.
1.00 THE MUSIC OF ROBERT STOLZ.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 BOSTON PROMENADE ORCHESTRA.
2.00 "HAYING A WONDERFUL CRUISE".
2.15 "THE CHASE REGINA".
2.30 "THINGS WITH WINGS".
2.40 "HOSPITAL REQUESTS" PRESENTED BY "LINDA".
2.50 CLASSICAL HOUR—ROYAL OPERA HOUSE ORCHESTRA.
3.00 "YOU TALK ADVANTAGE OF ME (2)".
3.15 "YOU TALK ADVANTAGE OF ME (1)".
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Conducted by Denis Witha.
11.00 RELAY OF THE SERVICE FROM THE ENGLISH METHODIST CHURCH. Preacher: The Rev. J.E. Sandbach.
12.00 NONCE BY ERNA SACK (SOPRANO) AND HERBERT GONG (TENOR).
12.15 SPORTS TIME BY BILL GILBERT.
12.20 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.25 RIVER REVERIES.
12.45 "TALK FOR MUSIC".
1.00 THE HIC MIDLAND LIGHT ORCHESTRA, conducted by Gilbert Vinter.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 "TAKE IT FROM HERE".
2.15 With Joy Nichols, Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards.
2.30 STUDIO: JAZZ. H.A.L.F. HOUR.
2.45 Presented by Scott McConnell.
3.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
3.15 Presented by Pauline Spence.
4.00 "ADVENTURES OF P.C. 40".
By Alan Stranks.
"The Case of the Perfect Fiddle".
4.30 STUDIO: SERVICES.
4.45 Conducted by Peter Simon.
5.00 STUDIO: "H O M E REQUESTS".
5.15 Presented by "Amber".
6.00 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.02 LONDON STUDIO MELODIES.
6.05 Peter York and His Orchestra.
6.10 tra with Alan Dean and Dorcas Lundy.
6.15 The song is ended; Cherry (soprano) and My thanks, you; Stella by starlight; Love in bloom; A pretty girl is like a melody.
6.30 STUDIO: SERVICES.
6.35 EVENSUNG.
Conducted by the Rev. E. GONG.
7.00 PIANO AND ORCHESTRAL SELECTIONS FROM MUSICAL COMEDY.
7.15 Bless the Bride (Kills) — Vivian Ellis (soprano) with the Adolph Theatre Orchestra; Funny Face — Selection (Gershwin) — Rita de Costa (soprano) and Concert Orchestra.
7.35 SUNDAY: "LOOKING AHEAD".
A Review of the Weeks Progress.
7.50 LIGHT MUSIC (C O N TINUOUS).
La Bamba de Vera Cruz (Tucci) — Rita de Costa (soprano) and Concert Orchestra; Beyond the Sea (La Mer) (Trenet) — Macklin Marlow and Concert Orchestra; Spring (Lincke) — New Maxford Orchestra; Dance of the Spanish (Lizst) — Rita de Costa (soprano) and Concert Orchestra; Al Fresco (Gershwin) — Rita de Costa (soprano) and Concert Orchestra; Harry Horlick and His Orchestra; Dancing down the Ages; Introduction — Rita de Costa (soprano) and Concert Orchestra; Herman Finck and His Orchestra.
8.00 WORLD NEWS AND NEWS ANALYSIS (LONDON RELAY).
8.15 SONGS FROM OPERA.
Gazing one day into the bound-

less blue (from "Andra Cherie" — Giorano) — Aureliano Pertile, (Tenor); Pace Mio Dio (from "Mozart" — Verdi) — Rita de Costa (soprano); Leonora, This she he desires (from "La Favorita" — Donizetti) — Paolo Silveri, (Bass).
8.30 "TRIDE AND PREJUDICE".
By Jane Austen.
First Overture: "Shall the Shades of Pemberley be Thus Polluted?"
9.00 "FROM THE EDITORIALS" (RECORDED RELAY).
9.10 WEATHER REPORT.
9.15 Interlude.
9.20 Lyndhurst (Gray) London. Programme.
9.25 RADIO HONGKONG "FROM THE EDITORIALS".
Concerto No. 1 in E Flat for Horn and Orchestra (Richard Strauss) Op. 11—Dennis Brain (Horn) and the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.
10.30 MUSIC FOR WORSHIP. Gile's Cathedral, Edinburgh, introduced by Sir Stewart Wilson. (LONDON RELAY).
11.00 RADIO SWIREL (LONDON RELAY).
11.15 WEATHER REPORT.
11.20 Epilogue.
11.25 "TALK FOR MUSIC".
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Monday
ST GEORGE'S DAY.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30-10.15 p.m. on 17.81 Mc/s, 16.84 m.; 10 p.m.-12.15 a.m. on 15.26 Mc/s, 19.66 m.).

SATURDAY, APRIL 21
6.00 p.m. Eric Barker in "JUST TALK".
6.30 GRAND HOTEL.
6.45 TON JENKINS and the Palm Court Orchestra.
7.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.10 NEWS ANALYSIS.
8.20 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
8.25 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.30 FROM THE THIRD PROGRAMME.
8.45 "The Great Days" by A. P. Ryan.
9.00 Interlude.
9.15 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK.
9.20 (gramophone records)
9.30 MURIEL SMITH.
9.45 And singing to the accompaniment of a section of the BBC Revue Orchestra with Charles Smart at the Grand Hotel, Jersey.
9.50 COLONIAL QUESTIONS.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
10.20 10.15 Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.25 TWENTY QUESTIONS.
10.30 Anon. Wm. Joy Adams and Jack Ryan, and Richard Dingle, ask all the questions and Gilbert Harding knows almost all the answers.
10.40 INTERLUDE.
10.45 Association Football: A commentary.
11.00 THE NEWS.
11.10 SUNDAY, APRIL 22
6.00 p.m. SUNSHINE SERVICE.
6.15 From St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, conducted by the Rev. L. M. Charles-Edwards.
6.30 THE CURTAIN.
6.45 BBC OPERA ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS.
Conductor: John Robinson; Joan Crook (soprano); Rene Scornes (tenor); Dennis Noble (baritone). In a programme of Theatre Music by Benjamin Britten.
7.30 WEEK-END SPORTS REPORT.
7.45 POINT.
7.50 JAMES MACHESON AT THE THEATRE ORGAN.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.10 NEWS ANALYSIS.
8.20 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
8.25 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.30 ENGLISH MAGAZINE.
8.40 CALLING ALL FORCES.
8.45 Introduced by Ted Roy.
10.10 THE NEWS.
10.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.20 TALK.
10.25 KEN MACKINTOSH and His Orchestra.
10.30 THE NEWS.
10.40 10.15 Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.45 10.15 SCOTCH ORCHESTRA.
10.50 TALK.
Conducted by John Hopkins. Overture: "The Barber of Seville" — Korovikov; A Musical Box; The Enchanted Lake — Ludo; Suite: "Rusalka" — Glazunov; "Fandango" — Ravel; "Hercules" — Liszt; "The Dolly Cotton Band Show".
12.15 a.m. PROGRAMME PARADE.
12.20 SUNDAY SERVICE.
(See 6 p.m.)
12.30 THE NEWS.
12.40 NEWS ANALYSIS.
MONDAY, APRIL 23
6.00 p.m. WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
A weekly international quiz between university students in America, Great Britain, Radcliffe College, Harvard University, v. Oxford University.
6.15 Question Master: In American, George King. In England, Lionel Glyn.
6.30 CONCERNING THE ENGLISH LIT.
A feature programme for St. George's Day, written and produced by Alan Burgess.
7.30 THE BILLY COTTON BAND SHOW.
7.45 With Alf Dreyer, Dorcas Stephens and Alan Bernard.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.10 NEWS ANALYSIS.
8.15 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
8.25 PROGRAMME PARADE.
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It's not Pop's night out, but he decides to take off anyway and go gamboling over hillside with some of his buddies. While mother had her hands—and pouch—full with Junior, he hopped, jumped and skipped. Plot will thicken by leaps and bounds.



"A soul just can't turn one's back for a minute . . . HENREE-EE! COME HERE!"

A BIT OF A BOUNDER—

LIKE MOST animals—and humans—Australian kangaroos enjoy community life. Slimly, they possess numerous frailties often found in man. The photos on this page show a side of their family life which bears out that fact—the story of the husband who enjoys being "out with the boys" and what happens when Mama put her paw down. An alert cameraman, James Fitzpatrick, made the series among a mob of kangaroos near Lake Macquarie, New South Wales. The region, south of the big industrial town of Newcastle, is holiday resort for miners and their families from northern coal fields. Animals come down from hills and gather about motor camps to forage for discarded scraps.



"OH-OH! Here we go again. I'll certainly have to think up a good one in a hurry!"



"NOW, DEAR—don't lose your temper . . . I was just visiting a sick friend!"



It anyone looks like Pop does. An old bystander by now, Junior has retired to stony cellar as Mom begins to berate Pop.



Mother knows best, so Pop gets worse. On sidelines Junior's picking up tips on how to win friends and influence people.

KING'S MAJESTIC

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20
& 9.30 p.m.

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.20
& 9.30 p.m.

EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW

KING'S: AT 11.30 A.M. MAJESTIC: At 12.00 Noon



Here, without shame...
is the Naked Truth
about a Boy, a Girl
and a Sinful Crime..

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
presents

'EDGE OF DOOM'

Starring DANA ANDREWS • FARLEY GRANGER • JOAN EVANS
with ROBERT KEITH • PAUL STEWART • MARY POWERS • ADELE JERGENS
Directed by Mark Robson • Screen Play by Philip Yordan
Based on the novel by Lee Tracy • Distributed by ECL Radio Pictures, Inc.

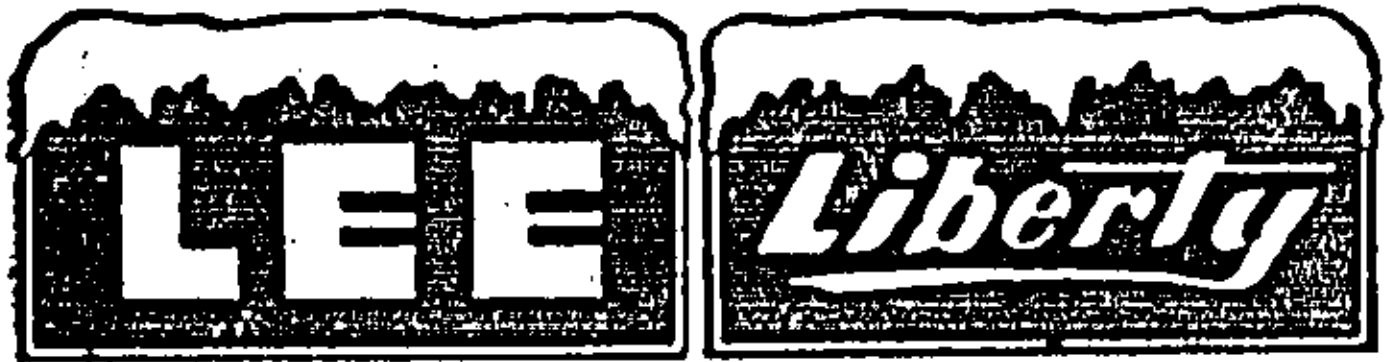
Also WALT DISNEY COLOR CARTOON

KING'S: "CRAZY
OVER DAISY"

And Universal
International Newsreel

Majestic: "GREENER
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And Warner Patho
Newsreel



★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



HESTON • SCOTT • LINDFORS • JAGGER • DEFORE

Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • Screenplay by John Mervyn Lucas and Larry Mankin • Adaptation by Bert Truitt
KATAMOUNT PICTURES

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at the



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MacARTHUR'S JAPAN

What really goes on in Japan?
How is MacArthur coming along?
How MacArthur turns medieval-minded
Orientals into a modern, democratic
people?

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

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MARVELLOUS CARTOONS

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"AFFAIRS OF DIANA" Chinese film

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW at 12.30

RETURN ENGAGEMENT BY PUBLIC REQUEST!

A Complete Programme Of Technicolor Cartoons

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



Harold Conway's SHOW TALK



... FINDS THE
DRAWBACK
OF BEING ...



THE POWERS
Linda, Tyrone.

Who is the most attractive woman in West End show business? Many people—and I am one—would say: Linda Christian, 26-year-old wife of Tyrone Power.

But this Mexican-born actress—whose marriage in Rome two years ago gave that city a real Roman holiday—has learned the penalty of being the wife of a famous star.

For the best part of a year Tyrone Power has been busy in London on the stage and, recently, in the film studios.

During that time Linda Christian, to her disappointment, has not really been in show business at all. She has just been Mrs. Power.

As such, she has looked after their flat in Park Lane, accompanied her husband to social functions. Between domestic duties, she has gone job-hunting.

But, somehow, the right part has never come along. The beautiful Mrs. Power could not get back to being Linda Christian, the intelligent actress.

Then, a fortnight or so ago, she did a successful test for a star role in Leslie Arliss's new picture, "The Woman's Angle." It meant a professional comeback at last.

A few days later, after a consultation with her doctor, Miss Christian has had to decline the part. She is back to being the wife of a famous star—end, in the early autumn, a mother.

Sim as Scrooge

For many years Scots comedian Alastair Sim was good in secondary roles that he won all the laughs (and the notices) from the stage. Producer, of stage and screen, decided the wisest course was to make Mr Sim himself the star in future.

Now, at 50, this one-time elocution professor from Edinburgh tackles his biggest part. Scrooge in George Minster's new film version of "A Christmas Carol."

Will Sim find, like other actors before him, that new performers of talent arise to do the "scene-stealing" in their turn? They'll have a job in Scrooge—he is to be on the screen from first shot to last.

Mr Sim thinks audiences will like it that way, especially in the USA. So sure is he about Americans' liking for Dickens (and presumably Alastair Sim) that he has asked for a 20 per cent cut in salary in return for a share in the United States takings.

Russian way

British film director Brian Desmond Hurst on the problem of handling stars who cannot act:

"I take a look at the actor's frozen features and decide on the Russian technique. I switch the camera to focus on an empty plate for several seconds, then quickly swing back to the actor."

"By contrast, the actor's face begins to seem alive. Fine—the audience will recognize it as acting; the scene can proceed."

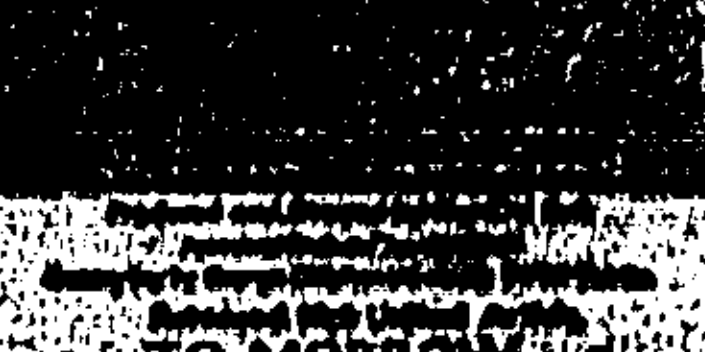
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17, Hankow Rd., Kowloon

— TO-DAY ONLY —

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW
"THE BRIDE"

Debbie has a "perm" on safari

By SUE DAWSON

M-G-M's version of Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" is very true to Africa—and Hollywood. What makes the film outstanding is magnificent Technicolor photography.

Granger is convincingly the tough, blunt hero, tanned to a deep mahogany, white at the temples of his jet black hair, and admirably the reckless explorer whose wife has died, so that his presence as the guide on this trip is only for the promise of the \$5,000 which he will use for his boy in England.

One realises straight away that he will get more out of this trip than the money. For there is Deborah Kerr, instigator of the search in deepest Africa for her lost husband, about whom she is feeling rather guilty. Her part calls chiefly for exhibitions of "guts," a few collapses (remedied by Stewart Granger) and several intensive places his way, all of which lead smoothly up to the climax and the end.

One touch, however, bore the unmistakable stamp of Hollywood. Tired of coping with dressing her long auburn hair after exhausting days in the jungle, she snatches up a pair of scissors one night and hacks it off short. Next day she is trying languorously over a rock, complete with a beautiful "perm."

Rider Haggard's book makes a thrilling film—as the trio and their black retinue crouch under stampeding herds, escape from a war-dancing tribe, and get shut into the caves which are King Solomon's Mines. Richard Carlson gives just the right touch as the heroine's brother, and the whole picture is swift-moving, with truly superlative photography by MGM.

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TO 10.00 P.M.

AT THE
CHINA TRAVEL SERVICE
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(Opposite Edinburgh House)
FROM 11.00 A.M. TO 5.30 P.M.

A salt which gives flavour to Britain

BERNARD WICKSTEED'S PRIVATE FESTIVAL

Is taking readers on a tour of the things which will not be officially on show in 1951. No. 4 in the series.

LET'S have a pinch of old salt with our Festival of Britain today. You can't imagine this island home of ours without its flavouring of old salts, can you?

They're like seagulls, lobster pots, and rusty old anchors—an essential part of the British seaside scene.

The British old salt or shellback (*Sidantiquus Britannicus*) is easily recognised by his plumage. He wears a peaked cap, sea-boots, and a blue jersey with the name of the ship on the chest.

His usual resting place is against a bollard or in the shelter of an upturned boat, and his cry sounds something like "Shiver me timbers! A vast there!"

On fine summer days the old salts can be heard calling, "Any more for the Skylark?" and in the evenings they roost in rows on the benches at the local, where holiday-makers ply them with drink and encourage them to tell the most improbable tales of ship-wrecks and storms at sea.

Many old salts have a curious habit of chewing tobacco instead of smoking it; they are said to be exceptionally fond of parrots, and on winter nights they can be found in front of the fire putting full-rigged ships into bottles.

Extinct

A TYPE that now seems to be nearly extinct has only one leg, the other having been taken off by a shark in the Timor Sea.

Naturally, such picturesque inhabitants haven't been overlooked by our writers and artists.

Coleridge and Robert Louis Stevenson immortalised them, and in 1870 when Sir John Millais painted a picture of an Elizabethan old salt talking to a couple of boys on the beach, he caused such a sensation at the Royal Academy that they had to put up a barrier to prevent the masterpiece being mauled by the enraptured British public.

Millais called it "The Boyhood of Raleigh," and cartoonists have been copying it (with apologies) ever since.

Bliss

PERSONALLY, I have my own favourite old salt, to whom I will now introduce you. His name is Cyrus Stanliff, or Old Stan, and though he is 68 he still goes to sea, because that's the only way he can get any peace from his grandchildren.

When he's ashore, as he is at the moment, he lives in a Liverpool council house with five of his 14 grandchildren. They are all boys and all under ten and, as his idea of bliss is sitting in a corner quietly putting boats into bottles, the children drive him nearly mad.

Old Stan has all the tattoo marks of the genuine shellback—bunches of flowers, Union Jacks, and women with flowing blue hair. The five rows of ribbons on his reefers jacket tell the story of seafaring Britain over the last 50 years.

There's the plain white ribbon of the Polar Medal that he was given in 1903, when he went to the rescue of Scott in the old Terra Nova, and if they ever give a medal for the Korean War, Stan may get that, too, for it was in a troopship going to Pusan that I first ran across him last year.

Model ships

He was in charge of deck stores, and had a little cubby-hole up in the bows, where he lived and worked and dreamed. Part of the day was spent issuing tackle to the deck-hands and the rest in making and bottling his model ships.

To reach his hide-out you had to climb through a trap-door, down four steps, and past a row of boxes. Out there you found him, wearing a pair of spectacles that he bought for sixpence 20 years ago.

Behind those spectacles are the twinkling eyes of a humorist. When someone asked if he ever built his ships by climbing into the bottle himself the remark gave him an idea on which he went to work all the way to China and back.

First he rigged up the inside of the bottle as a miniature carpenter's shop, with tiny tools and shavings on the floor. Then he carved a model himself sitting at the bench in his sixpenny specs, building a boat in a bottle.

It's a joke that will go on giving pleasure to people long after Stan has signed up to sail the seas of another world with his son, who was lost in the Rawayalindi.

I offered to buy it from him at any price he cared to name, but he turned me down and, by doing so, put me into a distinguished company, because he once said the same thing to the King of England.

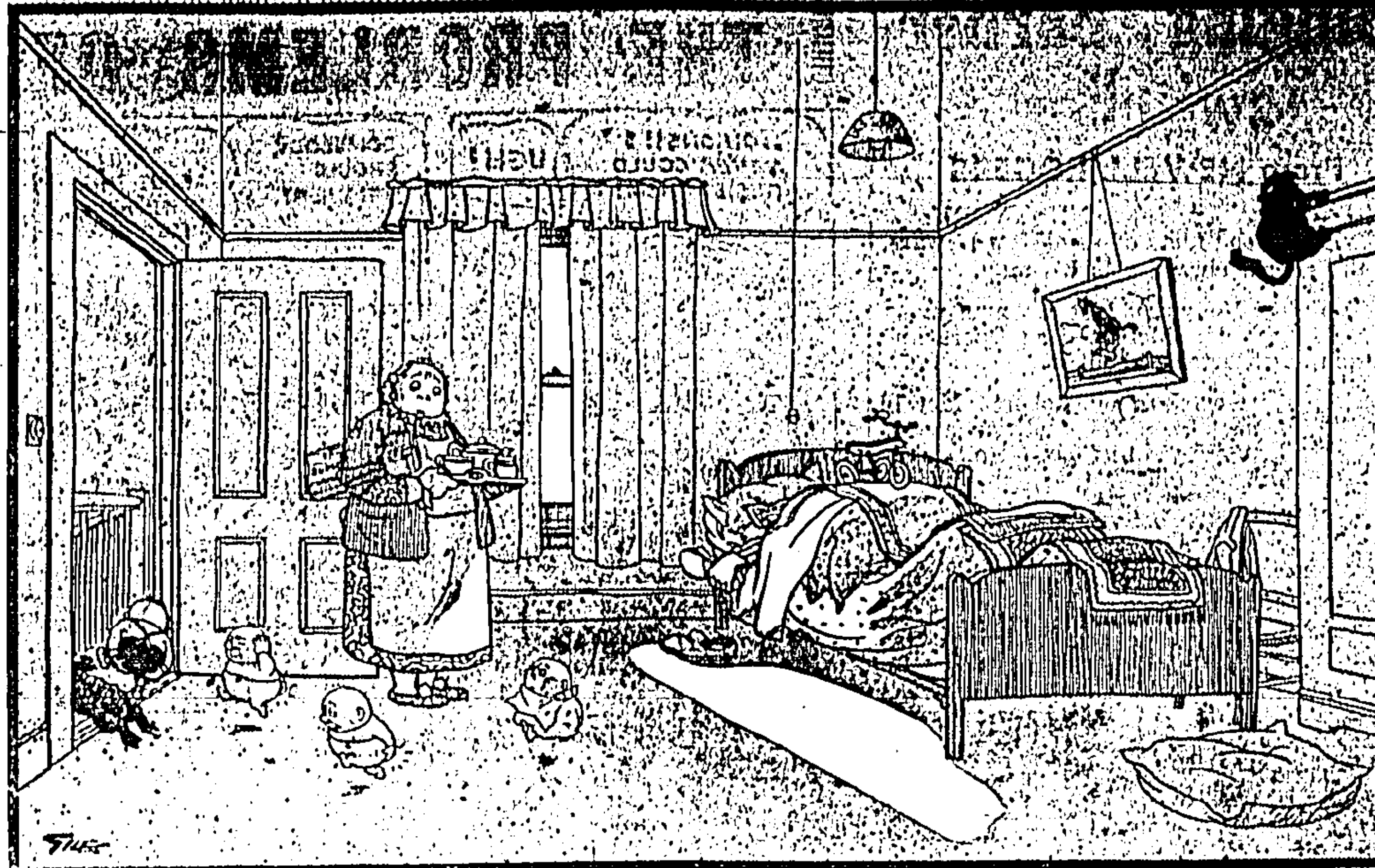
The King and he met in the Empress of Australia, going to Canada in 1939. First Old Stan went to the King's cabin and showed him some of his models.

Then the King paid a return visit and went to the cubby-hole down the iron steps and past the notice saying: "Keep Out."

A model of the Cutty Sark took the King's fancy and he asked if it was for sale. "I am sorry it is not," said Stan. Then he added: "But if I should change my mind, your Majesty, you shall have first refusal."

Gentlemen! Charge your glasses! The toast is "The Old Salts of Old England."

(London Express Service)



"Perhaps Father doesn't FEEL like playing Festival of Britain switchbacks on Budget morning."

London Express Service

by Licut-Gen. Sir GIFFARD MARTEL

Commander of the Royal Armoured Corps 1940, Head of the British Military Mission to Moscow, 1943.

A general looks at the call-up and declares:

We Can do Better WITHOUT CONSCRIPTION

LONDON. IT is now generally accepted that the army in Europe must consist of 40 or 50 divisions, and all of these forces will have to be standing by in Germany and maintained at full strength.

It is also being accepted that the larger proportion of the armoured divisions must be provided by the USA and ourselves.

It is not possible to produce first-class armoured divisions with all their technicians and skilled

men from a National Service army with enlistment for two years. The German Panzer forces which won such great victories in 1939-41 were trained for four years.

The USA seems to be able to obtain volunteers for at any rate three years' service and we are now doing much better in the enlistment of regulars. The French and Belgians have a good conscript system which provides sufficient training to produce the essential infantry divisions.

We must now examine our own problem of producing as many divisions as possible for Europe in addition to the provision of our overseas garrisons.

The first point to realise is that our present large scale conscription policy has forced us to produce large establishments of many different types, none of which would be needed if we had not adopted conscription.

There are colleges for training national service officers, establishments for receiving and dispatching the men overseas, and, of course, very large training establishments for the national service men.

Great Machine

A GREAT machine is needed, when at least half the Army consists of men who must be turned over every two years due to our conscription policy. As an instance, almost a quarter of the conscripts who are sent to our more distant overseas garrisons are permanently on the sea either going or returning from their stations.

The figures work out in this way. A division requires just under 20,000 men. But to produce ten infantry divisions we need an army of 415,000 men, which is more than double the numerical strength of ten divisions. Part of this increase is due to the necessity to provide for non-divisional troops, but a great part is due to the inevitable inefficiency of a two-year conscript service.

What would be the position if we could return to the use of a regular army in peace-time and effect these great savings? We would need 70,000 men for overseas garrisons and 180,000 for the Europe and Home service, i.e. a total of 260,000 for the British Army. This would give us six divisions at full strength for use in Europe instead of the present five half-trained divisions.

What Chance?

QUITE clearly, we could not possibly shut down our conscription policy on the assumption that the regulars would be forthcoming. What chance would there be of raising these numbers?

The rate of recruiting for regulars is rising rapidly. The monthly average has more than doubled as a result of the new pay code. We are now offering other attractive features. At present we have nearly 200,000 regulars in the Army.

Surely there would be every chance of raising this figure to the 250,000 which we need.

The cost of raising six divisions in this way would be no higher than our present bill; it might even be less. The whole efficiency of the Army would rise. Formations would be immediately ready for war; they would not contain a large proportion of half-trained men.

Stay In Army

HOW could we put such plans into effect? We would have to start by declaring that as a temporary measure, to meet the emergency, everyone who was in the Army would have to remain where he was. A limit of retention up to three years might be fixed.

A very large reduction would then be made to the intake for the Army, with a great saving in consequence in the manpower which is used to run the "Conscript Machine."

This would result in a flow of regulars to replace their units and a conversion of training units into fighting formations. Simultaneously a real drive would be made to obtain regulars.

As this progressed further reductions would be made in the numbers of national service men. Those who had been retained beyond two years would all be released but the whole situation would be in hand. In the unlikely event of a cessation of the present flow of regulars the process could be arrested.

Enough Reserves

IT must be realised that this European army may be required for a considerable time. War may be a long time off and we hope that it will never take place. Conscription would, of course, be needed in war, but we have seen the almost overwhelming advantage of using regulars in this preparatory stage which may be very prolonged.

It may be argued that this policy will not raise a large reserve, but present conditions demand a strong army which is ready at once.

We have plenty of reserves to keep this army up to strength until the wartime conscripts become available and the Territorial Army takes the field. As this policy would greatly increase our strength, there would be no question of the abolition of conscription causing any loss of morale, though this has often been suggested by those who wish to retain conscription.

Surely we ought to take advantage of this method of increasing the strength of our standing army, without delay.

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WHY DO THESE STUDENTS KILL THEMSELVES?

WE hear a great deal these days about the ill-effects of mental strain on the middle-aged and elderly. The frantic struggles of conscientious young people to achieve academic success are regarded much less seriously.

Yet the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford said the other day that the suicide rate among university students all over Britain was lamentably high.

It is greatly to the credit of Oxford that the student health organisation there has boldly published the results of an investigation into the amount of mental ill-health among undergraduates. The fact that various colleges agreed to co-operate in obtaining this information shows that at Oxford at least there is no complacency.

THE MISFITS

THE extent of the problem is obviously very much larger than had been realised. More than half the students absent because of illness for more than a term were suffering from some form of mental disorder. Tuberculosis, which is usually considered to be the major occupational disease of students, was, in terms of numbers, a much smaller risk.

By applying the Oxford figures to other universities, it seems that about 500 undergraduates will suffer from a serious breakdown in mental health each year in Britain. The reason for this is not hard to find. There will, of course, always be among students, as among any other group in the community, a

number of social misfits—those who cannot, however hard they try, live an ordinary life among their fellow men for any length of time.

They often find refuge in mental illness, and the first sowing of these unfortunate may take place at the university.

Much more important and numerous than the social misfits are those who are temporarily going through a phase of emotional instability.

Such phases are common during adolescence, the period of developing sexual maturity, and very few of us have not experienced them.

Should the vague mental discontent of adolescence coincide with some shattering disappointment such as the realisation of unsuspected intellectual inferiority—occasioned, perhaps, by an examination failure—then the stage is set for a violent mental upheaval.

If at this particular moment in a student's career there are also family troubles at home, this outlook, even for the most stout-hearted, is bleak indeed.

In these days, when so many students have to pay their way on Government or local authority grants, more depends on examination results than ever before.

According to the director of the student health service at Cambridge, sleeplessness is the commonest disorder of which undergraduates complain, and they complain of it most at examination times. This certainly indicates that students are not always the carefree individuals that they are usually taken to be.

The violent rages in which they sometimes indulge might be explained as a rather anti-social method of relieving emotional tension.

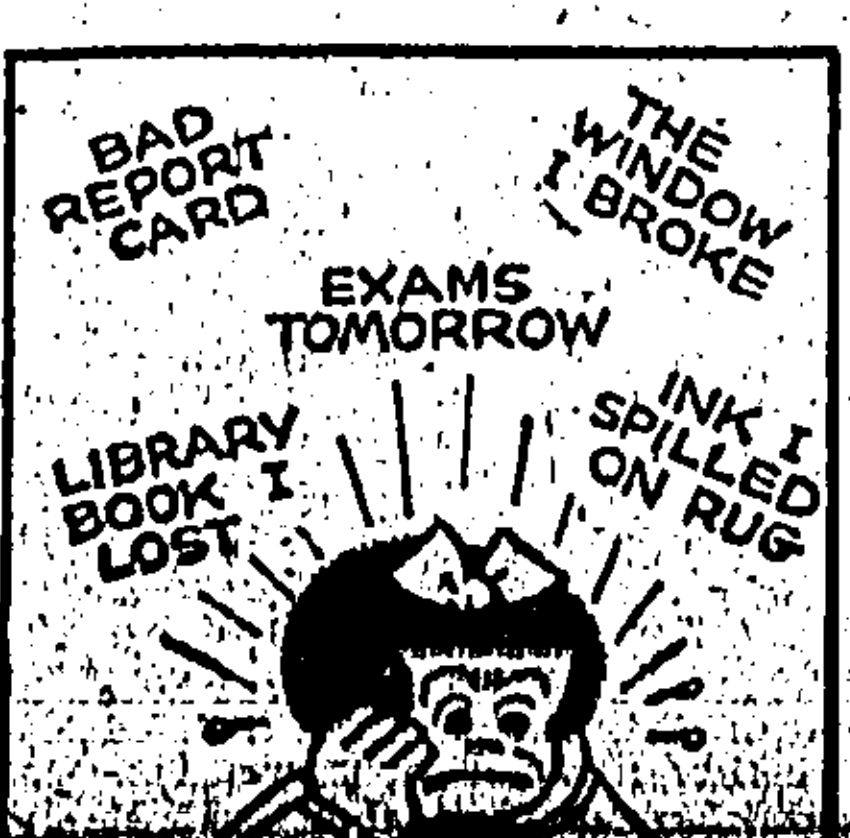
THE RISK

THOUGH the chances of any one student developing a nervous breakdown are, of course, very small (just as the chances of a motorist being involved in an accident are small), nevertheless the Oxford investigation shows that this is a problem which deserves the serious attention of all universities. Adolescence is by nature a time when young people are struggling towards independence and, unfortunately, many students in mental distress will be reluctant to turn to their parents for guidance.

For them the university should ensure that there are wise advisers—whether doctor or don is immaterial—to whom they can take their troubles and from whom they can expect sympathy and effective help.

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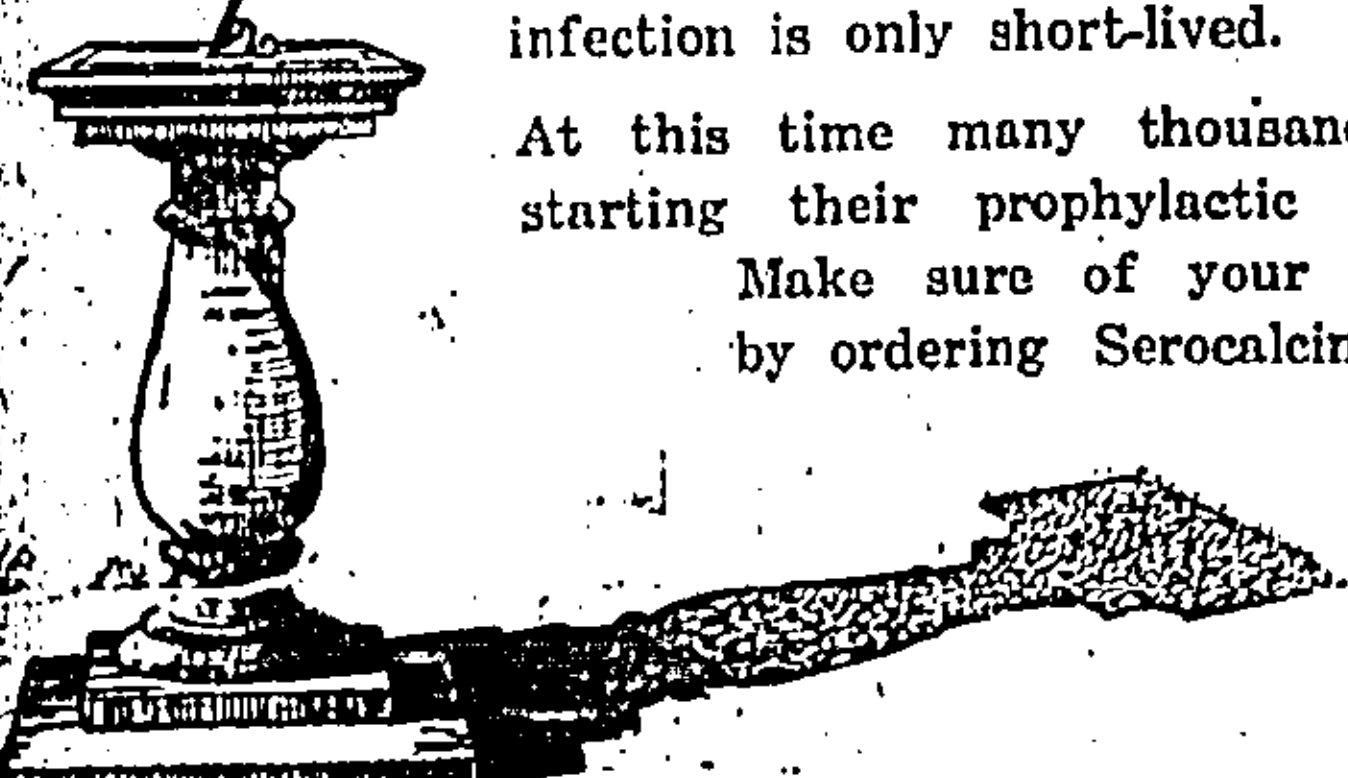
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FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF COLDS

Packed in tubes of 60 tablets.

Pharmacists are reminded that the sole selling agents for Serocalcin in Hong Kong are Shewan, Tomes & Co., Ltd., Chung Tin Building, Telephone 27781/3.

Singing barber switches

From NEWELL ROGERS

NEW YORK.

IN Hollywood films of small-town wars, the sheriff always gets his man.

Tonight Hollywood got its man away from New York's Metropolitan Opera and the man is heartsick about it.

Handsome ex-chorboy Robert Merrill won his chance for a Met audition at 25. His splendid baritone and good looks skyrocketed him to fame.

Music-minded bobby-soxers idolised him. Hollywood agreed with them and lured him into picture-making between operas.

But one night he was not back to sing Figaro, the scheming barber in Rossini's "The Barber of Seville."

Instead, he was in Hollywood singing the part of a scheming city slicker who is outsmarted by a rustic hero in the musical film "Aron Slick of Punkin Creek."

Britain's Met manager, Rudolf Bing, angrily accused 32-year-old Merrill of a "cold-blooded contract breach," and sacked him.

Hollywood can pay thousands for a singing city slicker, the Met only hundreds for a slick singing barber.

WARDROBES: In the spring sales mylons are down by 2s. 11d. to 7s. 8d. Mink coats are reduced in price by £71.

HOVERCYCLE: A miniature hoverplane, weighing 200lb., uses a tiny version of German buzz-bomb engine for power. The machine, flown successfully in California, will carry a man for 90 minutes before the fuel gives out.

FAREWELL: John Zabady was deeply moved by the affection and friendship shown him by fellow workers of St. Barnabas Hospital at their farewell party to him.

Brokenly, accountant Zabady went to superintendent George Shicks. He confessed to the embezzlement of £6,889 from the hospital funds to bet on horses.

OPINION: "Prices" would be at least 10 percent lower today if controls never had been imposed, and there had not been all that advance talk about them. It boosted prices,"—Senator George Aiken (Vermont).

FOOD: A pot roast with vegetables was free at the New Jersey Telephone Company cafeteria. Even so, most of the 900 "hello girls" refused to touch it. Most of the 600 men employees tried it. A few had second helpings. Offered as an experiment, the pot roast was whale meat.

THE FIRST duty of blonde, 22-year-old Guri Lie, daughter of UNO Secretary-General Trygve Lie, as queen of Virginia's Apple Blossom Festival, will be to bake an apple pie.

BATTLE VETERANS will start coming home from Korea in about ten days. They will be replaced by fresh troops. If the fighting permits, the exchange of fresh men for battle-field soldiers will eventually be about 20,000 a month.

THE SEVEN major Broadway critics divide five to two in favour of Britain's new colour picture, "The Tales of Hoffmann." Sample verdicts: Herald Tribune: Often frustrating. News: Four stars. Times: Wearing. Journal American: Magnificent and memorable.

SPORTS: Manager Branch Rickey called in Cupid to help his Pittsburgh Pirates win a baseball championship. In a pep talk he urged unmarried players to wed because he thought they would be happier and more successful players. There is report that he even offered bachelors bonuses.

SHOW BUSINESS: Producers Rodgers and Hammerstein have three million-dollar hits running side by side near Broadway—"South Pacific," "The Happy Time," and "The King and I," starring Gertrude Lawrence. Three producers want Marlene Dietrich to star in films for them.

Harry Lime Would Be Outdone

By RITCHIE McEWEN

VIENNA. AUSTRIANS are hoping that Britain, France and perhaps Russia, too, will decide to follow America's lead and pay their own occupation costs. So far Austrians have paid nearly five hundred million pounds in occupation costs during the past six years.

The Austrians are heartily sick of the occupation—or 'liberation' as the Russians call it—and the spectacle of the four Powers, each protesting loudly its willingness, nay eagerness, to quit the country as speedily as possible, squabbling interminably as to how and when to do it. Meanwhile, little Austria 'foots the bill.'

But a four-Power occupation is not all the Viennese have to put up with. The recent British action in smashing two Czech spy rings in Styria and Carinthia is a reminder that the fair Blue Danube city is riddled with spies, agents, "resistance" and "free" movements made up of refugees from behind the Iron Curtain.

Titoists and anti-Titoists, intelligence agents spying on the occupation forces, which in turn have counter-intelligence agents keeping tab on them; and finally, an overworked Austrian department trying to keep track of the whole lot!

Nearly all the "legwork" in the "cloak and dagger" war is done by Austrians working for one or more foreign Powers—some of them very well financially for working for both sides! If the full story could be told, the Harry Lime of "The Third Man" film would certainly be outdone.

To the casual visitor, however, the Viennese are not faring so badly. They have always been famous for their cooking, and for the remarkable quantities of rich food they can tuck away at a sitting.

Although the rather poorly paid Viennese is always grumbling at the high prices, there is at all times a bustling crowd of "hausfrau" in the butchers' shops picking out succulent joints of beef, pork and veal; at three shillings and sixpence a pound.

Just now, the Viennese are busy preparing to welcome the spring. The beautiful city of Strauss waltzes is at her best in the springtime, and the municipal gardeners, can be seen hurrying to and fro among the public gardens, the parks and the squares, getting ready to turn them into a

glorious blaze of colour, which is such a delight to visitors and Viennese alike.

The Viennese spring opens officially with the start of the Vienna Spring Fair, which welcomes exhibitors from other countries. At the end of the month, Vienna will be holding her fourth Music Festival, with no less than 24 separate concerts, operas and music recitals on the programme. One of the highlights of this musical feast is the Sunday singing in the charming little Imperial Palace chapel, which seats only 180 persons, by the famous Vienna Boys Choir accompanied by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.

Comparatively few tourists coming to Vienna know that they can hear this famous choir singing an impressive Mass any Sunday in this tiny baroque chapel, often by composers who started their careers as members of this same choir, such as Bruckner and Schubert.

A distinguished British visitor who will be in Vienna to attend the opening of the Music Festival is Mrs Wallace-Curzon, famous pianist. Mrs Curzon, herself a pianist of international repute, is in Vienna to arrange for the adoption of Fritz and Peter, aged five and eleven, the fair-haired orphaned children of the famous operatic star, Maria Cebotari, whose sudden and tragic death a year ago was mourned in Vienna as a national catastrophe.

THE PROBLEMS OF PAMELA



drawn by
ROBB

with
acknowledgment to the
ads. you read

THINKS

THANKS TO A
TINY PELLET OF
CONCENTRATED
CHLOROPHYLL!

A small tablet gives
a new twist to
a social problem

A MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY scientific version of the violet-scented cachou, which considerate Victorian husbands chewed on their way home from an evening's hard drinking, will be in the shops soon.

It is a tiny tablet of concentrated chlorophyll—the stuff that makes grass green.

A strong dose of chlorophyll has near-magical powers of deodorising almost everything we eat and drink, scientists claim. It will even eliminate evidence of a bar-counter snack of pickled onions, gorgonzola cheese, and beer.

One tablet, slowly chewed in the morning, it seems, will also spare us those social embarrassments which, according to the strip cartoon advertisements, even our best friends hate to mention.

I tried out the tablets the other day. They worked with pipe tobacco, onions, kippers, and the strongest available beer. They did not eliminate the lingering odour of garlic. But they damped it down enough to enable garlic-eaters to win more close friends.

Nobody has yet discovered how the chlorophyll does the deodorising trick. But tests, in which people have swallowed dozens of the tablets at once, have proved that whatever it does inside the body is quite harmless.

The taste of the tablets, which are made from chlorophyll extracted from fresh spinach, reminded me of the juicy grass stalks you chew while watching the village cricket match.

BEHINDHAND
● DOES the harassed Health Service doctor find time to keep himself well informed of the latest medical advances?

To find out I put the question to a dozen representative G.P.s to a dozen representative G.P.s who take the British Medical Journal or the Lancet.

Only two said they had time to read their journals regularly. Four said they managed to skim through one issue in every three.

In the surgeries of the other six the journals are piling up unread.

TOUGH ODDS
● RAPIDLY gaining favour as a means of picking men for important jobs in America is the "stress interview," in which everything possible is done to frustrate and anger the applicants.

In an almost Marx Brothers atmosphere, the examiners make rude remarks about each candidate's appearance, ability, ambitions—and even about his relatives.

They set him problems he cannot possibly solve, and ridicule his efforts to cope with them.

The object? To test his "emotional stability" in the face of tough odds.

(London Express Service)

THE ROSENBERGS are not the last



ULIUS

★ One by one, the men who gave Russia the atom bomb are paying for their crime... Dr Alan Nunn May... Klaus Fuchs. Now Julius and Ethel Rosenberg are sentenced to death in New York.

★ In Washington it is admitted that the FBI still have not reached the end of the trail. Other arrests are expected.

★ How the arrests are linked up, the capture of one leader to others, is outlined by the CHINA MAIL reporter in New York.

From Frederick Cook

NEW YORK.

WHEN the scientists let off the world's first atomic explosion in the New Mexico desert on a summer's day in 1945, they admitted from the start that the theories behind it were known to men of science everywhere.

There never was, they kept reiterating through the months that followed, any such thing as "the secret of the atom bomb."

But most of them predicted without hesitation that it would be the old-fifties before Russia could make one.

Four years later, in September 1949, before the fifties had even begun, President Truman announced: "An atomic explosion has taken place in the Soviet Union."

Something had gone wrong.

Moscow's spurt

PROFESSOR HAROLD UREY, the physicist, now believes it would be a good guess that Russia today has 60 bombs, at a time when many scientists originally thought she would still be trying to make her first.

What was it that went wrong?

A major reason for Russia's rapid catch-up is now clear. She did not depend on scientists alone. In addition, she had a brilliant and effective network of spies inside the Western democracies. They kept the atomic secrets from the Russians right up to the day when the "bomb" should have been kept secret.

There is evidence, America knows that only a month after the Nagasaki atom bomb, a detailed description of it—plus a tolerably good sketch—was in the hands of the Russians.

Many details of how the spies worked have been revealed for the first time during the trial of the Americans that has just ended. Chief prosecution witnesses were two men who confessed a part in the spy apparatus, David Greenglass and Harry Gold.

The sergeant

GREENGLASS was an important source of information during the war. He was an army sergeant stationed inside the ultra-secret atomic testing ground and laboratory at Los Alamos, New Mexico. Gold was courier. He received the information from Greenglass and others and handed it over to Anatoli Yakovlev, Russian vice-consul in New York.

The defendants, and the roles assigned them in the spy ring, were:

Julius Rosenberg: A high-ranking spy, a sort of director of operations. Rosenberg received his orders from Yakovlev and possibly other Russians. He recruited Greenglass as a spy. He gave him his instructions, received his material, passed it to the Russians.

The word 'Fuchs'

TWELVE people have now been found guilty since the war in connection with atomic espionage for Russia. Six Canadians and Dr May were convicted as a result of the 1946 Canadian investigations. Dr Fuchs confessed after his arrest in England in 1950. Gold, Greenglass and the Rosenbergs bring the total to a dozen. Others besides Sobell are in gaol for espionage other than atomic.

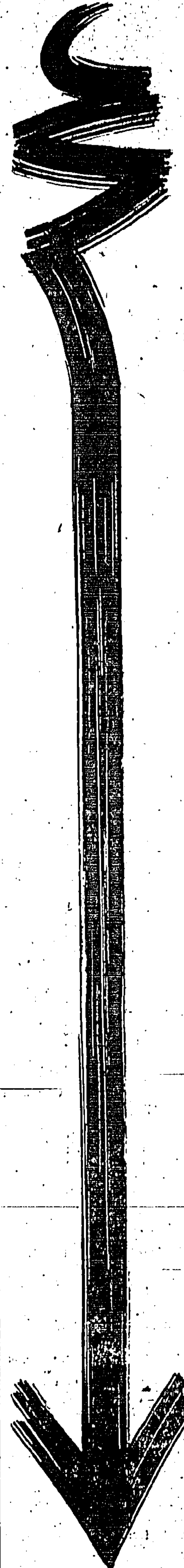
With each new arrest, connecting links between the cases emerge more clearly. It is now known, for instance, that Dr May had the word "Fuchs" scribbled in his notebook. For three or four years this was never investigated. No explanation has been offered as to why. When it was, it led straight to the unmasking of Fuchs.

Fuchs in turn described a courier whose name he did not know. When tracked down, this man turned out to be Gold. Gold in his turn put the finger on Greenglass.

The Russians fled

THE hunt for others is still on. Some of the top men will, of course, not stand trial. These are the "Russians" who were "let off" when Ottawa began to ask questions. Nevertheless, some who worked with them are believed to be still here. And the G-men are still looking.

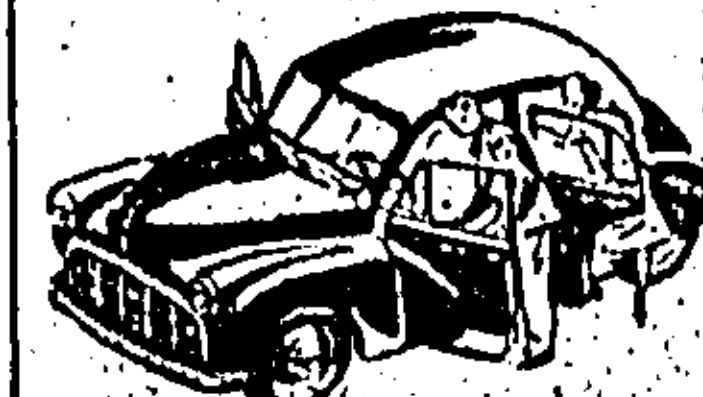
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THE AUTHOR of this new, revealing China Mail Saturday series, Inspector Thompson, a former Scotland Yard man, went with Mr Churchill everywhere, even to the most secret meetings.

BEGINNING TODAY:

I Was Churchill's Shadow

By Ex-Inspector **WALTER HENRY THOMPSON**

THE telegram arrived on August 22nd, 1939. It was terse. Like all his urgent commands: "Meet me Croydon aerodrome 4.30 p.m. Wednesday — CHURCHILL." It was a strange order for a grocer. For I was no longer Detective Inspector Thompson, of Scotland Yard. I had retired from the Force in 1936, and the following year opened a grocery business at Beulah-hill, Norwood. I was in the shop when I opened the telegram.

But for the last fifteen years of my service as a detective I had been Mr Churchill's personal bodyguard, and if the "Old Man" wanted me — that was good enough.

So I was at Croydon Aerodrome the next after-

noon, full of excitement and curiosity. The Paris plane came in, and out bounced Mr Churchill. He was looking fit and full of energy as usual, but his expression was grim.

He smiled when he saw me, and I waited for some explanation of the summons. But all he said was: "Hallo, Thompson. Nice to see you. Get the baggage together and bring it on to Chartwell."

And with that he was gone. I got the baggage and followed in the second car down to Chartwell Manor, Mr Churchill's country home near Sevenoaks in Kent.

On the way I remembered the last time I had been at Chartwell. That was in April, 1939, when I had gone to see Mr Churchill on a private business matter. At the end of our conversation he talked briefly of world affairs.

He told me then that it was almost certain we would be at war within six months, and that when war started he would probably be asked to take some position in the Cabinet. Now it was almost the end of August — near the zero hour he had named.

When at last he called me into conference at Chartwell, Mr Churchill was in his most sombre mood. He told me briefly, that he had been inspecting French defences, and then went on to say that war might break out at any moment. "The Germans believe I am one of their most formidable enemies," he said abruptly. "They will not stop short of assassination."

And he went on to tell me how a leading French statesman had warned him that his life was in danger. He had immediately cancelled a visit to the Duke of Windsor in the South of France and flown back to Britain.

"I can look after myself in the daytime," he said, setting his jaw. "Will you protect me at night?" I agreed gladly. Mr Churchill offered to pay me £5 a week as his bodyguard in a purely private capacity. He gave me his Colt automatic to use — and I may say with pride that I am the only man that Mr Churchill has allowed to handle his guns. He is a first-class shot and takes a jealous pride in the care of his personal armory.

So for the next few evenings I was on duty at Chartwell after the grocery business had been closed. I would go down to the Manor, inspect the gun and make sure that it was loaded and in working order.

Then I would slip it into my own patent "holder" inside my double-breasted jacket. I would make one tour of the grounds and round the house and then settle down for an all-night patrol inside the house while Mr Churchill was working — and later sleeping.

For a few nights I lived this strange role of an armed unofficial bodyguard prowling round the quiet of the Kentish countryside in peacetime, ready to pounce upon a would-be Nazi murderer.

Then, on Saturday, August 26, 1939, a state of emergency was declared. In accordance with the agreement I made when I retired, I reported in London for duty as a police officer.

When I got back to the shop at Norwood the telephone was ringing. I picked up the receiver. It was the Old Man himself.

"What are you going to do now, Thompson?" he asked. I answered that I was due at Marlborough-street for uniform duty the next day.

"You don't want to bother about that," said Mr Churchill. "I have already been through to the Commissioner. You will now come to me officially."

And so, a week before the war broke out, I was back at my old job as Winston Churchill's shadow. It was a return to a familiar, if hectic and unorthodox routine. And it was a return to duty for a friend.

When I had first become Mr Churchill's personal detective in 1921 I had found his manner brusque, off-handed, even, as I thought then, piggyish.

But I soon began to see through the rough facade, to wait for the grimace to break up in that boyish smile. It did not take me long to like him. In a little while I came to love him.

Yet his impulsiveness and tireless energy always made it difficult for me to do my job of protecting him. I could not keep him from heading straight into danger — no one on earth could — but I did have to fight to keep up with him.

Once when he asked me to pack up his papers as he was leaving his private train during the war, I had to put my foot down.

"I will do it with pleasure, sir," I said, "but you must give me a chance to do my job. I cannot guard you if you rush off and leave me here to clear up."

Mr Churchill glared at me furiously and stalked out of the compartment. But he was waiting for me on the platform when I came out with the baggage.

Now that I was once more Mr Churchill's official bodyguard I relinquished his Colt automatic and armed myself with a Webley .38. I wore this in a patent chamois leather contraption of my own, on the inside and between the two buttons of the left breast of my jacket.

I found it faster to draw and fire from this position than from a shoulder holster. (Once I found it too fast, when, in a sudden movement, the gun slipped from its moorings and shot me in both legs.)

But if Mr Churchill had to walk about in the open among crowds, I would usually keep my revolver in my overcoat pocket, with a ready hand on the butt.

In the week before the war, Mr Churchill, although only a back-bencher, was continually in conference with politicians and experts of all kinds, and we moved continually between Chartwell and his London flat in Morpeth Mansions, near Westminster Cathedral.

He was in the flat with Mrs Churchill on the morning of September 3 when war was declared. As soon as the first air raid warning sounded, immediately after Mr Chamberlain's broadcast speech, Mr Churchill stalked to the entrance of the flats and stared up into the sky, like a war horse scenting battle.

It took some time to persuade him to go to the air raid shelter. He would not have moved, only he realised that he ought to set an example.

So he grabbed a bottle of brandy and set off, leading the little party down the street to the basement which had been prepared. In the shelter he provided around like a caged animal, yet I could see he was relishing this moment. The weeks of anxiety and uncertainty were over: now was the time for action.

As soon as the All Clear sounded Mr Churchill was off like a shot back down the street and straight up to the roof of the flats, where he scanned the sky for aircraft.

Next we were off to the House of Commons. I took my usual seat, in the front of Mr Churchill's Daimler next to the chauffeur, and my usual position just outside the Chamber while he was in the House.

When he came out he said: "10, Downing Street, Thompson." There was a gleam in his eye, but even he did not anticipate his exact appointment.

For when he emerged from No. 10 to join Mrs Churchill in the back of the car he said: "It's the Admiralty," and added with a pleased chuckle: "That's a lot better than I thought!"

That day Mr Churchill had one of the quickest lunches I have ever known him take. Immediately after it we went to the Admiralty and there, except for a short dinner break, he remained until the small hours of the following morning.

As he was leaving for dinner that evening he turned to me with one of his beaming smiles — a smile which lights up his whole face with pleasure and warms all who see it. He said:

"Thompson, you are remaining with me permanently. I have arranged this with your Commissioner, Sir Philip Game."

I was as pleased as Mr Churchill obviously was, and said so.

It was back to work with a vengeance. The Old Man, as we of his personal staff affectionately call him (although I myself frequently referred to him as "Father"), spared neither himself, his colleagues nor his subordinates.

In the first two months of the war he did manage to take an odd week-end's relaxation at Chartwell. But soon the week-ends became as strenuous as the weeks, and from 1940 to the end of the war Winston Churchill worked a regular 120-hour week. And, of course, I never used to go to bed until he did.

Now that he had become a Cabinet Minister my task as bodyguard was made a little easier. Mr Churchill's headquarters Daimler was laid up and we used a police Humber.

It was fitted with a gong for getting priority through traffic and with double mirrors in the front, so that I, as well as the driver could see what vehicles were following.

Later, when Mr Churchill became Prime Minister, we had another police car as a following escort, and I used a pre-arranged code of signals through the mirror to instruct the following car when to cut out or hold off overtaking traffic.

Mr Churchill hated any fuss about his protection, and it is as discreet as possible. (The Old Man raised a quizzical eyebrow at me more than once when on our wartime travels the more ostentatious methods of some of our Allies in affording protection got on his nerves.)

So I always asked the Press photographers to cut me out of their pictures when they snapped Mr Churchill in public. It was also one of my duties to prevent pictures being taken with recognisable landmarks in the background.

But it was not so easy to make Mr Churchill obey the rules. Once we were walking from the Admiralty to Downing Street when a photographer appeared near the back-garden gate of No. 10.

This was a forbidden spot for pictures, and I was just warning the cameraman off when Winston turned and saw him.

"Do you want to take a photograph?" he asked.

"Yes, please, sir," answered the cameraman.

Mr Churchill turned and posed. I said to him: "I thought photographers were forbidden here, sir."

"Ah, well," came the answer, with that irresistible boyish grin, "after all he is one of God's children, Thompson."

And as we entered the garden of No. 10 he turned to me and said in a kindly voice, "They have to do something to get a little copy, you know."

His voice was not always so pleasant in those first few weeks of the war. We made rapid visits of inspection to Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth and Scapa Flow. A destroyer took us from Thurso to Scapa and as we passed through the boom defences I asked Mr Churchill whether it was not possible for a U-boat to follow us in before the boom closed.

"I hope they are not able to do so," answered Mr Churchill gravely. "According to the powers-that-be who give me information on this subject, the possibility of U-boats entering is very remote."

But he was certainly not impressed with the defences of Scapa Flow. There were practically no anti-aircraft guns for the protection of this most important naval base, and Winston Churchill expressed himself bitterly and forcibly on the subject.

The lack of defences for the Navy made him sick and angry — and his keen eye never missed a defect.

Then a few weeks after this visit came the news of the loss of the battleship Royal Oak sunk by a U-boat which had penetrated the Scapa defences. It was like a body blow for Winston. Not for the first time in those grim days I heard him mutter: "If only they had taken notice of me a few years ago this would not have happened."

NEXT SATURDAY:

The missing official papers . . . Winston becomes Prime Minister.

Now we discover new stars by radar

SIR Robert Watson-Watt, whose claim as the inventor of radar comes before the Royal Commission of Awards to Inventors this week, tapped a thick sheaf of papers with a pencil and said to me: "February 27, 1935, is a vital date."

On that day Sir Robert had sent a report to the Air Ministry on how aircraft could be located by radio.

He had that year been asked for his views on a death ray, but he thought "mighty little" of the idea. Radiolocation, he believed, was "more promising." Already he had located a lightning flash 3,000 miles away.

BIGGEST JOB

Watson-Watt started work with a small team. "From there," he says, "the field spread out."

Now radar is being put to many and far-reaching peacetime uses.

"These represent," says Sir Robert, "the lower and wider reaches of a river of which I was somewhere near the source."

Because radar "abolishes night and fog" its biggest peacetime job is obviously to make travel safer and more comfortable.

by **PETER DACRE**

"Relatively most progress has been made in shipping," says Watson-Watt. Set have been made simpler and more powerful, many of them having a range of more than 40 miles.

He estimates that between five and ten ships a day of all nations are being fitted with radar. More than 1,000 British merchant ships, ranging from liners to trawlers, have it already.

Each month 40 more, including lifeboats and weather ships, are equipped.

Our coastguards are now using radar's "magic-eye" to spot smugglers in the fog. Trinity House buoys and beacons are so equipped that they are "visible" to radar-fitted ships.

In civil flying Sir Robert says that "some progress" has been made with ground radar aids. They help to marshal planes in a large area around an airfield and bring them safely to land in "extremely bad weather."

Radar sets can also be carried aboard planes to prevent collisions and detect storm-laden clouds, which sometimes cause disaster.

and can make the trip a rough one.

Radar is also playing a vital part in improving weather forecasting by locating heavy rain-storms and thunder. Radios in balloons have been used for some time to send back reports of temperature and humidity.

With the addition of radar, meteorologists can now get a complete miniature weather observatory up to 100,000 feet.

But perhaps the most spectacular use of radar is in astronomy. By using radio-telescope shaped like a huge inverted umbrella, scientists have mapped a universe of stars 750,000 light years away. They are invisible to the most powerful telescope.

METEORS SEEN

Radar beams have detected radio waves which probably started their journey from these stars when life was beginning on earth.

Waves from the sun, 92,900,000 miles away, have been picked up by radar, enabling scientists to estimate the sun's heat at 1,000 million degrees.

Once meteors could be observed only at night. With radar they can be tracked during the day and through thick clouds.

Although the Americans have sent radar impulses to the moon and back, Sir Robert says:—

"Hopes of getting more information about the moon have not been effectively realised. The Americans have not found by radar anything more than was already known."

(London Express Service)



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The lifeboat is a family affair

by
Vivien Batchelor

Pictures by H. V. Dracs

EARLY in the war a cheque for £5,000 collected by schoolgirls all over the Empire—members of the Girl Guides of the Empire Association—was sent to London to the headquarters of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

The girls asked that it should be used to provide lifesaving equipment. The Institution decided to build a new lifeboat, completely up to date, with a watertight engine, and so ballasted that even if a rough sea capsized it, it would right itself in a few seconds.

The Lloyd's of London coastguard station at the Lizard in Cornwall were sending frequent reports of ships in trouble off the treacherous rocks and seas around the headland.

Three hundred and twenty-one lives had been saved by the men of Cadgwith, a tiny village with only 150 inhabitants, in their old-fashioned sailing lifeboat. Unfailingly, even on the wildest night, when the maroon sounded, the fishermen of Cadgwith, sons, husbands, brothers, had left their homes and nets and crab pots and gone to the rescue. The women of the village had helped

pull the boat over the shingle down to the sea. Others had launched the Lizard lifeboat, for the crew of this boat, too, is made up by the sons of Cadgwith.

So it was decided that the gift of the Empire Girl Guides should go to Cadgwith. But the boat was destined for her first major job of rescue work before she had completed her trials in the shipbuilding yard in Essex.

There came Dunkirk and the call for little ships. Off from the stocks in Essex went the Cadgwith lifeboat. She was shot up, her engine was damaged, and the crew finally got her back to Britain using their blankets as sails. Later she was found adrift in the mud in the Thames.

Permanent Home

SO, eventually, she came to her permanent home in Cornwall—and was christened Guide of Dunkirk.

Her coxswain is Fred Stephens, 49-year-old fisherman whose father and grandfather were members of the lifeboat crews before him. His son Henry, who is 25, is also a member of the crew. Fred's brother "Lammy" is coxswain of the Lizard boat, and three other brothers, Benny, George and Willie are members of the crew; Willie is the mechanic and Benny is the bowman.

"Lammy's" son Llewellyn is also a member of the Lizard crew.

"That makes seven members of the family between the two lifeboats," Fred said proudly, "and another nephew has just been appointed to the lifeboat at Margate."

There are two other brothers in the Guide of Dunkirk crew, Will and "Buller" Arthur, mechanic and assistant mechanic. Henry Jane, one member of whose family was coxswain of the old boat for 50 years, is second coxswain.

Special Crew

NORMALLY the lifeboat her special crew of launchers, men whose job it is to get the boat from the boathouse down the steeply sloping shingle beach to the sea. But during the war, when the younger men were away, and always during an emergency the women of Cadgwith rush to the ropes to help. They have had the boat in the water in 11 minutes from receiving the call.

"Auntie Bessie, who is 78 and whose nephews are 'Buller' and Will Arthur, remembers the old days when the women always got there first. 'It was in the days when fishing was bad and money was scarce,' she said. 'We used to rush to the beach and grab a lifeboat and wait to put it round our men. There was no regular crew in those days and if a man once had a lifeboat on he could claim the few shillings allowance for going out with the boat. We needed those few shillings.'"

Nowadays the crew, except for the mechanic, are all unpaid, but they receive a few shillings for a



Auntie Bessie—78-year-old Mrs. Bessie Arthur—has memories of a lifetime's shipwrecks off the Lizard coast. Now her chief interests are her dog and bed.

practice launch and a "reward" if they go out for a service call. But though they receive little for risking their lives to save lives from the sea, all these men earn their living from the sea.

During the winter months they sit in their sheds making nets and crab pots.

A skilled fisherman can make two pots in a day and plenty of reserve stocks are needed. Last year Fred Stephens lost 800 pots in the rough weather, in addition to the many fathoms of rope with which they are attached. Will's cost 15s. a bundle and rope is 2s. 4d. a lb. A fully equipped fishing boat costs £1,000—so fishing is not all profit, though in some good weeks a boat earns as much as £90.

Call For Aid

IN the only bar in the village, where Mr. and Mrs. Timmins preside, the talk has turned lately to the suggestion of nationalising the lifeboat service—a suggestion which is unfavourably received in Cadgwith.

"Can't make civil servants of fishermen," said head launcher A. H. Wyle.

"We don't need Whitehall to tell us when to take the boat out," added Fred Stephens. "We've never been found wanting yet."

A call for aid is picked up by the coastguard station and phoned to the secretary Mr. S. R. Watson, a retired railway official who has come to live in Cadgwith. He phones the coxswain and the crew—and quickly the men are ready in their yellow oil-skins and white thigh-length Wellingtons.

If it is decided to launch the Lizard lifeboat the crew are rushed there by a special car which is always standing by.

"Most of our calls are to small craft these days," said Fred Stephens. "The bigger ships are so well equipped with radar and mechanical aids to navigation that they seldom get into difficulties." Most lives saved at one call was 227 when the *Sulvia* sank in 1907, and the little Cadgwith sailing lifeboat put to sea. Cadgwith have been lucky. They have no record of a casualty among the crew since the station was equipped in 1868.



During the winter Will Arthur gets busy making crab pots. London Express Service.



—THIS DREAM MEANS:

This dream is an indication that your relationships with people are in no healthy state, and that you are in danger of getting into a vicious circle of suspicion, resentment, frustration, self-mortification and what not.

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You are in danger of becoming one of those "paranoid" blokes who think that every man's hand is against them. You have to humiliate yourself by "eating dirt," and there is no end to it. The more you eat, the more there is to eat, and you are slowly digging yourself with your own teeth—your aggressive weapons—into degradation.

A bad dream: time you went for a short holiday—or at least a long walk—in the country, away from people.

Civilisation, take it away!

A GROVE OF FEVER TREES. By Daphne Rooke. Cape. 10s. 6d. 256 pages.

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

ANYBODY wishing to see how the sheer, inherent strength of a story can triumph over difficulties—some of them pervasively created by the author—should read *A Grove of Fever Trees*. But there are better reasons for reading it than that.

This blazing melodrama from South Africa is one of the strangest and one of the most gripping novels of recent months. And it is so although Daphne Rooke's ability to express her will and passionate theme is not always equal to her power to conceive it. There is a crucial page or two where it is tough and so whether you laugh or are appalled. You are meant to be appalled.

WORST of all, the author, with the audacity of inexperience, has chosen to narrate her novel through Danny, a leading character in the story and, by

spasm, a homicidal maniac. Yet the story develops such momentum that by the time the reader realises he is listening to words of a madman he is far too engrossed to notice that no madman could command such thoughts or such language.

Up on the borders of a native reserve in Zululand, the Lebombo mountains look down on a small white settlement among the yellow, shuddering fever trees of the thornveld.

Here live, in a hard-won prosperity, a handful of farmers who have survived the destruction of their cotton crops, the death by mysterious illness of their fine imported cattle.

Chief among them is a woman named Mrs. Ashburn, a widow with two handsome sons (one half mad, the other a drunkard) and a daughter—Danny and Edward and Vera.

Mrs. Ashburn's portrait is never drawn. She just emerges and comes alive. She is not the great pioneer mother, gaunt and heroic. She is fat, weak, human, silly, maternal and abiding. All "the terrible happenings of her life" (a child attacked by a

snake, herself gored by a cow, and all the rest) seem to have left little impression on her vast, jelly-like bulk. She stands in the midst of the turmoil, a monument of sanity and resignation.

DANNY loves to wear Zulu costume and live with the natives. He does not want to leave Lebombo. Civilisation, take it away! He has inherited,

ment? What is the secret at which Mrs. Elliot hints?

It does not come out until the night that Edward dies. He had married a girl as unlike Prudence as possible. He had made her miserable and she had left him. Now he comes back to Prudence, although he still does not love her. And Danny strangles him as once he had strangled his pet dog.

One man knows what has happened, Ronnie McLaren, a painter, who is madly in love with Prudence. He also knows Mrs. Elliot's secret, that her

'ONE OF THE STRANGEST NOVELS OF 1951—A STORY TOLD BY A MADMAN'

with their good looks and giant stature, the dark streak in Mad Ashburn—once notorious in Johannesburg—put his grandfather in a lunatic asylum.

In him, animal fear or anguish is mixed with devilish mischief. Sometimes he howls like a beast—thus frightening away the young man who has come to court his sister Vera—and sometimes he kills like a beast. His hatred is fixed on his clever no-good brother Edward; his love is given to the beautiful Prudence Elliot, who loves Edward.

The Elliots are a neighbouring family with some money—but why should people with money live in Chaka's penal settle-

ment? What is the secret at which Mrs. Elliot hints?

It should be the climax. But Daphne Rooke overdraws her villain, makes him talk like this: "Come, dear lady, the whole thing can be settled without scandal." One can see the hand twisting the mousetraps and hear the hiss rising from the pit.

A stagey story? Certainly. Improbable? No doubt. Yet this terrible tale of love and madness, and its setting in the melodramatic landscape of Zululand somehow make sense together.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD



This appealing shot was made by a mother who recognised the subject material for a good picture when she looked in on her young sons to make sure they were properly covered.

Mother Pictures the Youngsters

WITHOUT a doubt, mothers have the very best opportunities for making good informal shots of their youngsters, and many of them are keeping photographic records that will be priceless in the years to come. Recently, I've had letters from several young mothers in which they state their views on picturing the youngsters. They certainly have some good advice to offer.

One of them, a Wisconsin farm mother, wrote: "The children love nothing better than to roam through the fields and woods. Since they are too young to go alone, I take them for walks when I find time and, of course, never forget my camera. In this way the children have fun and mother gets pictures."

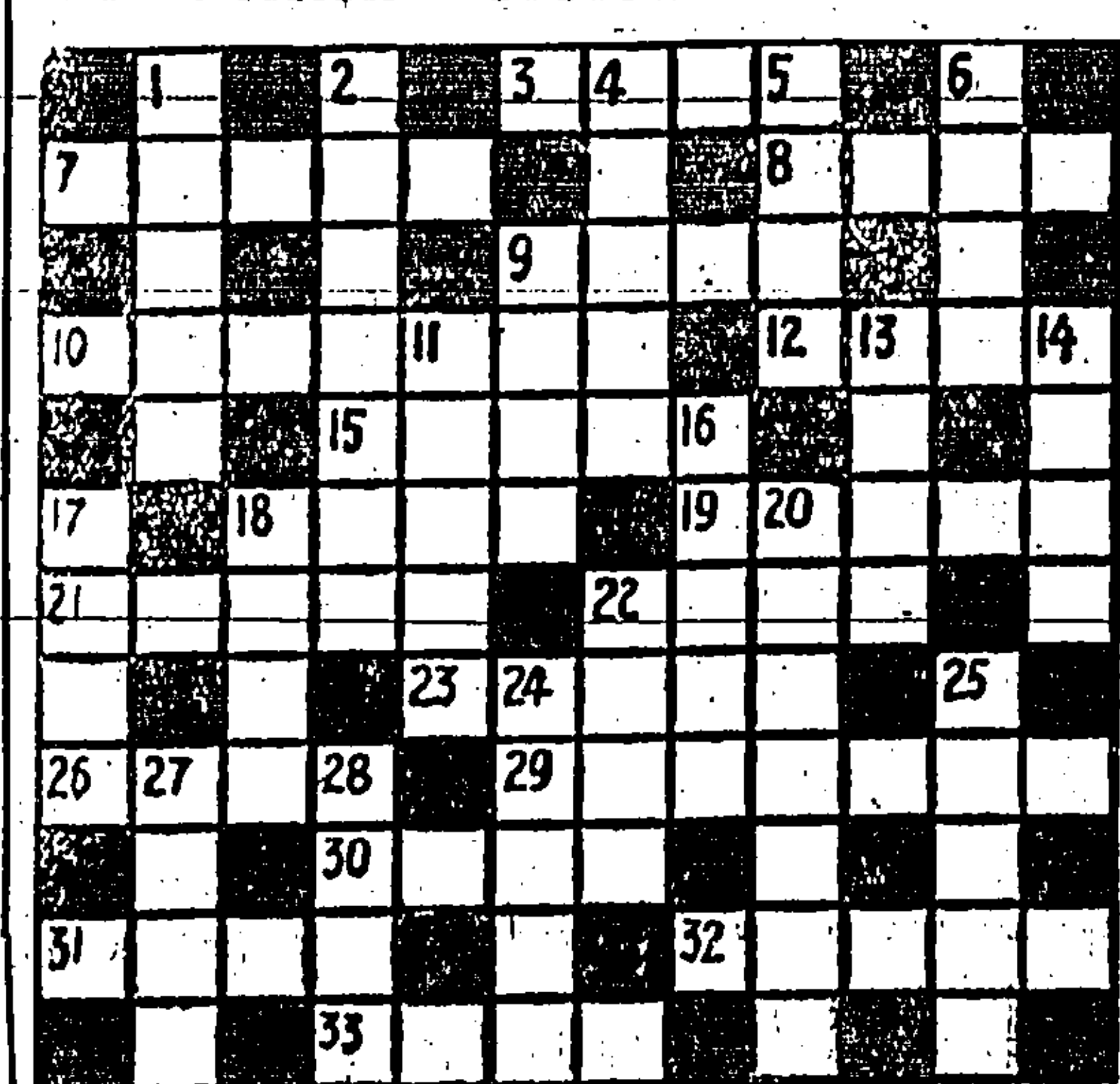
"I consider the most important point by far in taking pictures of children is having the child appear natural. I think, except for some close-ups, a picture

should show the child working or playing as he does each day. He must never be posed standing stiffly and staring into the camera. Also, I think there should be no distracting objects in the background or near the child and that the image of the child should be large enough to be the important thing in the picture. Also, of course, the picture must be very clear."

The writer of these wise words is speaking with the voice of experience, because she takes about 200 shots each year of her six-year-old son. She also writes that in the summer they often have other children to visit and adds, "This, of course, calls for special pictures."

She keeps her pictures in albums and has one for each of the five years she's been an ardent snapshooter of the small fry. —John van Guilder.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- | ACROSS | DOWN |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 3 Eager (4). | 1 Clutches (5). |
| 7 Ludicrous (5). | 2 Tuff (7). |
| 8 Expectant (4). | 4 Manservant (5). |
| 9 Trees (4). | 5 Sudden advance (4). |
| 10 Incident (7). | 6 Fluff (4). |
| 12 Suggest (4). | 9 Reviso (5). |
| 13 Banal (5). | 11 Speak (5). |
| 18 Flot (4). | 13 Metal (4). |
| 19 Introduction (5). | 14 Book (4). |
| 21 Separate (5). | 15 Tales of heroism (5). |
| 22 Flight (4). | 17 Delle (4). |
| 23 Decree (5). | 18 Package (4). |
| 20 Simmer (4). | 20 Retreated (7). |
| 21 Remainder (7). | 22 Falsehoods (4). |
| 30 Imitates (4). | 24 Fear (5). |
| 31 Couple (4). | 25 Rustle (5). |
| 32 Enso part (5). | 27 Melt (4). |
| 33 Lower part of room wall (4). | 28 Hospital room (4). |

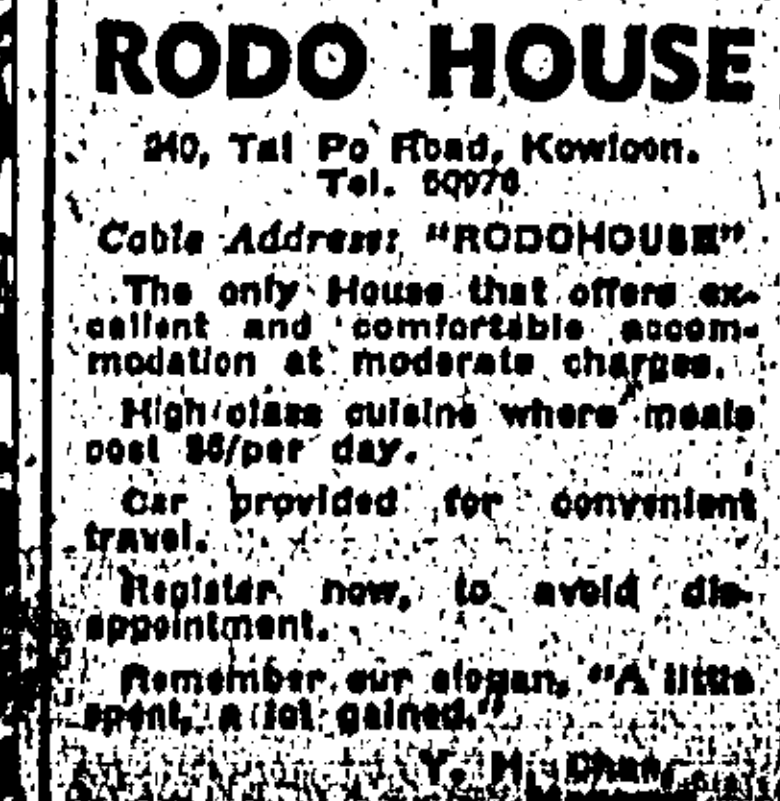
YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Chimney; 7 Rare; 9 Cram; 10 Pools; 11 Foam; 13 Indication; 15 Scare; 16 Knot; 19 Despondent; 22 Deer; 24 Raven; 25 Blunt; 26 Vain; 27 Eucalypt; 28 Hoard; 30 Mince; 31 Mince; 32 Deputy; 33 Proposed; 6 Edge; 8 Alone; 12 Merit; 13 Ikered; 14 Interval; 17 Ideas; 18 Sponge; 20 Noble; 21 Elude; 23 Erin.

By Frank Robbins

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JOHNNY HAZARD



Bowman Alfred Stephens uses semaphore.



The launching—and the women of Cadgwith help the men. They have had the boat in the water in 11 minutes.



The crew return—and beaching the boat is as tricky as launching. They are unpaid, but receive a few shillings for a practice launch.



And after a trip the crew have a glass or two at the pub. Coxswain Fred Stephens, 49-year-old fisherman, is in the centre.



All That Remains Is For The Braves To Register A Clean Sweep Of The Series

Says "GRANDSTAND"

Although the Senior Softball Championship has been won by the Braves last week, and the shouting almost over, ball fans will still flock out to King's Park tomorrow at 11.30 a.m. to witness the Braves in their last game of the regular season when they meet the Saints in an endeavour to register a clean sweep of the series.

The Canucks and Jaguars tilt in the afternoon at 4.00 p.m. will provide the finale to the Senior League flag chase, and having snapped out of their losing streak last week, the Maple Leafs are out to topple the favoured Jolting Jags.

Eight scheduled inter-league tussles are down for decision as the teams settle down in the home-stretch with pennant hopes now riding on every victory.

BATTING TITLE

The Senior batting title will also be decided this week with leader Tony Osmund battling to hold his ground against Raymond Tsao, who is close on his heels.

Rumours are flying around that Osmund may absent himself from the game and thus win the award outright, for he has sufficient games and numbers of times at bat to his credit to qualify, but we can dispel all doubts for we know Osmund to be the type of fighter who will want to win it the hard way.

Osmund is now only a few percentage points above Tsao, and all he needs is just one solitary hit in tomorrow's game to clinch the title.

The Big Three who are still possible winners are:

| | AB | H | BA |
|-------------|----|----|-----|
| Tony Osmund | 42 | 16 | 381 |
| R. Tsao | 30 | 11 | 367 |
| C. Yanovich | 42 | 15 | 357 |

Charlie Figueiredo has signified his intention of fielding his strongest Braves side against the veteran Saints for championship or no championship.

supremacy on the diamond can only be considered supreme when the renowned Saints are beaten to the dust.

On the other hand, the St. Joseph's outfit are still gripping over the misfortune of their previous eighth inning no-out, and feel that they have been robbed of the flag, and are, therefore, determined to show up the Tribe.

Against this setting, one can expect an all-out game, even if it is only honor at stake, and the bleachers seats are expected to be fully occupied long before game time.

Chapple Remedios, on the slab for the Braves, was a doubtful quantity when the playoffs commenced but has by now proved his worth by holding down all opposition with well-directed slants, while Red Pereira, now the golden boy of the Champions, has delivered in the clutch.

This battery combination will be pitted against Sherry Bucks and Modest Khan of the Saints in the last act of a thrilling drama.

THE BEST ALWAYS

Although Canuck hopes for the flag were given up long ago, they have given off their best

in every game and on several occasions nearly upset the dope bucket.

Last week's triumph over the Saints was the result of a determination to win, even after dust had already settled on the pennant scuffle. Tomorrow the Maple Leafs will be out again to avenge their former defeat by the Jaguars.

Versatile Vic Pedruco of the Jaguars, who will probably start for mentor Barros tomorrow, is in the opinion of several critics, the best local hurler ever seen on these shores.

His performance over the weekend against the Braves would have gone down in the books as an achievement but for the fact that one of the two hits which he allowed the Braves to connect was a round-tripper which cost him a game.

Prior to his effort, Pedruco had pitched an inter-league double-header for a total of 21 innings in two days.

Second - guessers are still undecided whether it was a wise policy on the part of the Jaguar management to keep on changing their lineup for every game.

From the playoff exhibitions there is nothing to support this for the defence was as good as could have been hoped for, with a possible weakness around the keystone.

Perhaps it had a psychological effect on the team, and it is on record that the reputable sluggers were not slugging.

INTER-HONG

The Inter-Hong games present an interesting league in that all teams are of even strength. Teams that have been beaten have found satisfaction in the knowledge that their victors have been in turn humiliated by outfits which they have managed to subdue.

On Wednesday, Jardines woke up from their lethargy and shook Gibbs with a 6-0 lead for the greater part of the game, but a strong come-back by Gibbs found the game tied at 7-7 when darkness set in. This game will be re-scheduled.

SUMMER LEAGUE TROPHY

News has been received from the organizers of the Summer League that a trophy has been presented by Messrs. A. S. Watson for the tournament.

The popularity of the league can be gauged from the fact that South China will be sending in two entries while several other outfits are contemplating participating.

It is also learned from reliable sources that South China Athletic Association may sponsor a scholastic league during the coming month as part of their programme to encourage sports. Such a step it decided on will have the blessing of the Association.

REVISED SCHEDULE

This week's schedule as revised by the Management Committee is as follows:

TODAY

Inter-Hong League
2.30 p.m. Union Insurance v. Gibbs; NHB v. Jardines;
4.00 p.m. Rediffusion v. Caltex; China Light v. Shell.

TOMORROW

Senior League Playoffs
11.30 a.m. Saints v. Braves;
4.00 p.m. Jaguars v. Canadians.
Inter-Hong League
10.00 a.m. NHB v. Caltex;
Lowe Bingham v. Secony;
1.00 p.m. China Light v. NTS;
2.30 p.m. Shell v. Gibbs.



BREASLEY... crowching

GORDON... longer rein

STOP-WATCH JOCKEYS

Eight Australian jockeys are riding in England this year. The contrast in style can be noted by comparing these action pictures of A. Breasley (left) with Gordon Richards.

The Australian crouch is more pronounced. The hold on the reins is shorter, the general effect more streamlined.

This style suits free-running horses, but is less suitable for "driving" home a horse who is coming to the end of his tether.

Some famous jockeys have come from Australia, notably Frank Bullock, Brownie Carslake, and Rae Johnstone.

Their strong point has always been their judgment of pace. As boys they are taught to estimate exactly, in seconds, the speed of their exercise-gallops. (Trainers out there pay more attention to the stop-watch than do England's.)

This sense of timing helps them to decide whether to get the race or whether to wait behind — a decision which can make the difference between winning and losing.

Elliott 'Lifted' Nimbus Over Winning-line

There is no more arduous, nerve-racking career than that of the professional jockey. Thousands of pounds every day depend on the exactitude of his split-second timing.

In his 8½-month season he probably travels about 20,000 miles. He works a seven-day week, for there are gallops to ride on Sunday mornings and on Sunday afternoons.

All the time he has to watch his weight. A good meal or a night's festivity may involve hours of exhaustive sweating in a Turkish bath or a four-mile run in macintosh clothing.

He is, on occasion, forced not only to starve but also to go thirsty. I have known cases where a long drink of water caused a jockey's weight to go up by 2lb.

INDENTURES

All jockeys first start their careers as apprentices at the age of 15. The terms of indentures are usually for five years. The trainer contracts to house, clothe, and feed the boy.

His first job will be the menial one of sweeping out the yard, cleaning tack, and making himself generally useful.

After a few days he will be allowed to ride an old hack or a pony kept for the purpose. Later he will be given two horses to "do"—groom, feed, and ride out at exercise.

Months elapse before he gets a chance to have a ride in public.

He normally starts in races confined to apprentices. These races are usually first on the card, so that the boys will not endure suspense.

The next step is to take on the fully fledged jockeys. To offset their inexperience and weakness, apprentices' mounts are given allowances in most races.

ALLOWANCES

The scale varies; 7lb. can be claimed until they have won six races, 5lb. until they have won 25 races. Thereafter the allowance is 3lb. until 40 wins have been attained, when they have to ride on equal terms.

Apprentices usually excel in two-year-old handicaps. Their lack of strength and "punch" tells against them in long-distance races.

The degree of skill involved in jockeyship is not always appreciated by the layman. One of the finest examples we have seen in recent years was Charlie Elliott's handling of Nimbus in the 1949 Derby.

The way he inspired and controlled this tiring horse, finally "lifting" him over the winning-line first by a head, was jockeyship at its best.

Every racegoer hopes that Gordon Richards's career will be rewarded to the same race before he retires. He has won every other important long-distance event, so the theory that he is "only good in sprints" is patently absurd.

He is, however, particularly brilliant in short races. He can get a horse away from the start more quickly than most other jockeys.

UNFAIR ON KOVALESKI & DORFMAN

The check on the roving careers of the three American tennis stars, Dorothy Head, Kovaleski and Dorfman, banned until further notice from any more tournaments with expenses, has rekindled the general dislike of the eight weeks' rule which works so unfairly. It needs adjustment.

Players may take expenses from eight tournaments in a year, but there is no limit to the number in which they can have their expenses paid when they are officially nominated.

Those who get the most nominations—and there seems little regard for the equal distribution of this privilege—get an unfair advantage.

ABSURD SITUATION

Tournament organisers want the best players. So they invite them. Then you have the absurd situation in which the invited players, collecting no expenses unless they count the event in their eight weeks' quota, outclass nominated players whose board and fares are all laid on.

It is obvious that some of the top players get round the rule when they circle the globe playing tennis from one year's end to the next.

One of the usual dodges is for a tournament to meet the expenses of a player coming from abroad—enough to cover, say, a three weeks' stay.

NOT INTERESTED

The player then appears in three tournaments in the area, takes no expenses from the other two and has to chalk up only one on the list for the year.

In other words, the organisers are not very interested in the 40-odd clauses in the LTA rules affecting amateurism and expenses so long as they get the best players.

(London Express Service)

THE BREEDING AND PEDIGREES OF BRITISH RACE HORSES

The Last Link With Matchem

By NIGEL GEE

Earlier in this series I mentioned that the racehorses of the world descend from three sires, Eclipse, Herod and Matchem. We have already seen by what slender threads hangs the male line of Herod in Britain through the Tetrarch. Now we come to the only remaining male line of Matchem in Britain, precariously maintained by the descendants of Hurry On.

Hurry On traces back to West Australian, who in 1853 was the first horse to win the Triple Crown in England. His son Solon got the unbeaten Barcadine, who in turn was the sire of Marco, winner of the Cambridgeshire. Marco's son Marcoil won the same race, and at stud got Hurry On. It is strange that winners of the Cambridgeshire, which is a nine-furlong handicap, should be the originators of two great families, for Polymelus, sire of Phalaris, also won this event.

Hurry On was bought as a yearling for 500 guineas by the late-retired trainer Fred Darling and ran in the colours of Mr James Buchanan, who subsequently became Lord Wodavington. He ran six races including the St Leger and was never beaten. He was a powerful horse standing 17 hands. At stud he got Captain Cuttle who won the Derby in 2 mins. 34.6 secs, a record which stood until Call Boy, another son of Hurry On, clipped one fifth of a second off it in 1927. Captain Cuttle got Seattle, who won the 1,000 Guineas for King George V in 1928. He was sold to Italian breeders for 250,000 that year and died in 1932.

Cornach by Hurry On won the Derby very easily, and the St Leger in the record time of 3 mins. 1.6 secs, which was equalled by Windsor Lad but has never been surpassed. His victories, which also included the Eclipse Stakes, enriched Lord Woolavington by over £49,000.

NEARCO'S HALF-BROTHER

At stud Cornach got the brilliant mare Corrida who won over £47,000, mostly on the continent, and Niccolo dell'Arca, who was bred in Italy. The latter, whose dam was Noguera, was a half-brother to Nearco. He was unbeaten as a three-

year-old, winning the Italian Derby and the Gran Premio di Milano. He had a brief stud career in Italy, in which he got two classics—winning Illies, Treccena and Asolina. Niccolo dell'Arca now stands in Great Britain, beside four Italian-bred half-brothers and his dam. Little has been seen yet of his offspring, but he was rated a better stayer than Nearco by his breeder. His sire Coronach went to New Zealand in 1940.

Call Boy by Hurry On won the Derby in 1928, but was almost sterile at stud where he died in 1939.

Toboggan, a daughter of Hurry On, won the Oaks in 1929. She produced Bobsleigh, a sire of winners in Britain, and Hydroplane, by Hyperion—dam of the world's highest prize-winner, the American horse Citation.

The only British-bred son of Hurry On to continue his line is Precipitation. He does not appear in the classics roll of honour, for before the St Leger of 1936—which he must have won—he was afflicted by heel-bug. Later that season he proved his superiority by beating the St Leger winner Boswell over the same distance. The following year he won the Ascot Gold Cup. He had his first classics success as a sire when Why Hurry won the Oaks in 1943. Two years later Chamosaire won the St Leger and in 1946 Airborne won the Derby at 90-1, and later the St Leger.

It is indisputable that Airborne was the best of his age in Britain, but it was not a good year for three-year-olds. He was troubled over two miles in the autumn by the French Grand Prix-winner Souverain. His first two-year-olds ran in England this year.

The ultimate survival of Hurry On's line is in the balance. It is a line which British breeders would be sorry to lose. For 1950, of the 1,000 British-bred



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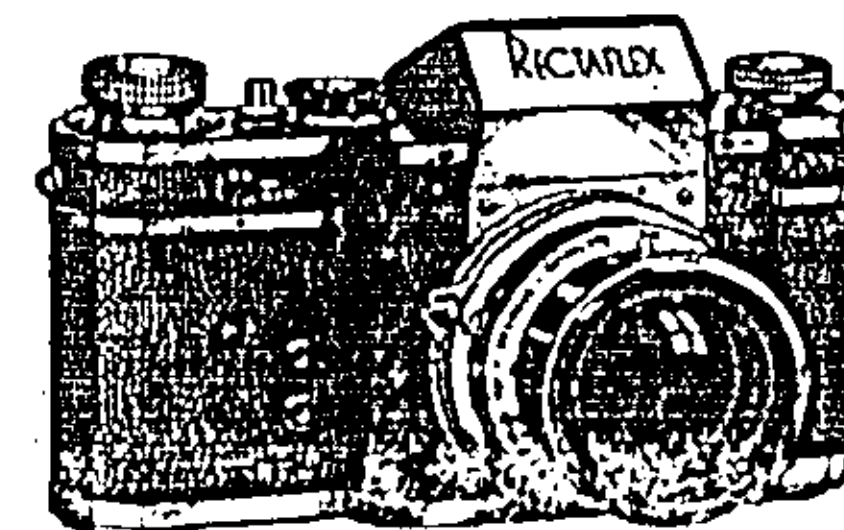
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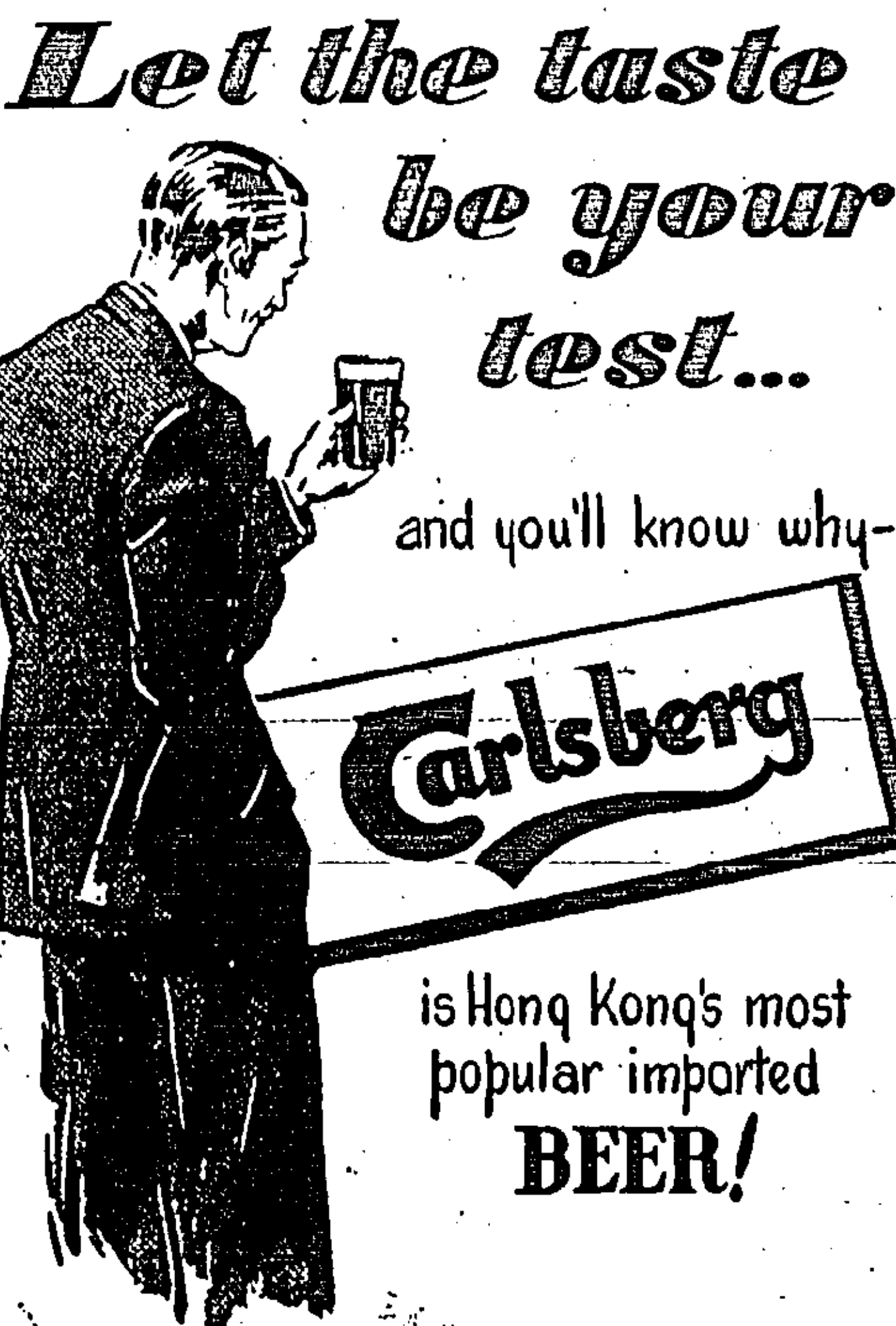
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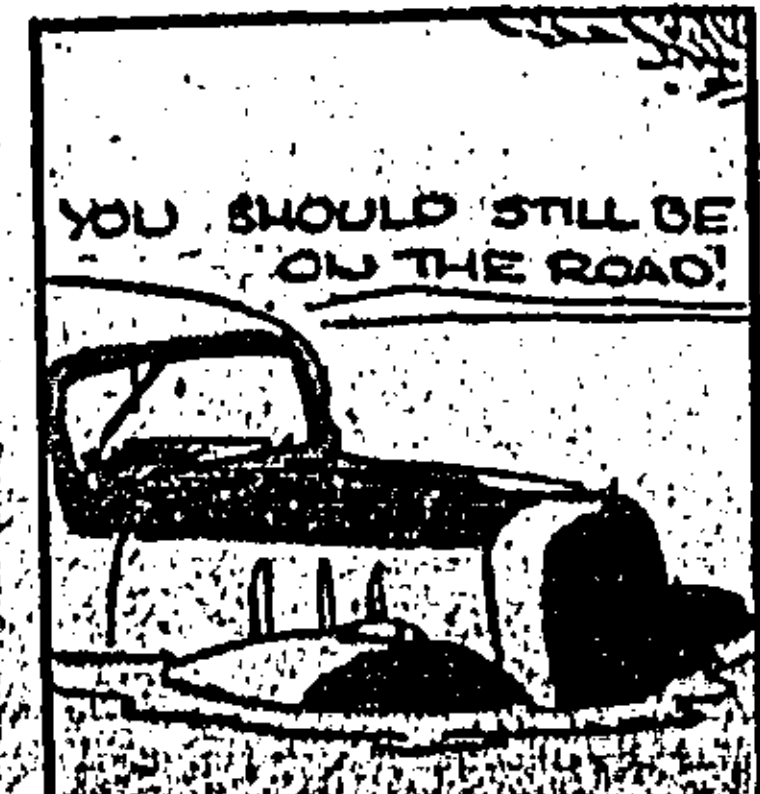
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| "HUPEI" | Tsingtao & Tientsin | 10 a.m. 24th Apr. |
| "SHENGKING" | Keelung | 5 p.m. 24th Apr. |
| "ANKING" | Singapore & Penang | 5 p.m. 24th Apr. |
| "SIANSI" | Bangkok | 5 p.m. 1st May |
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| "YOHCHOW" | Tsingtao & Tientsin | 10 a.m. 1st May |
| | Bangkok | 5 p.m. 9th May |

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| | | |
|------------|--------------------|-----------|
| "TAIYUAN" | Australia & Manila | 25th Apr. |
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| "MYRMIDON" | Casablanca, Holland & London | 3rd May |
| "PERSEUS" | Marcellines, Liverpool & Glasgow | 6th May |

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| Ship | From | Arrives |
|------------|-----------|-----------|
| "MYRMIDON" | Liverpool | 13th Apr. |
| "AEneas" | Liverpool | 24th Apr. |
| "MYRMIDON" | Sailed | 24th Apr. |
| "AEneas" | Sailed | 24th Apr. |
| "MYRMIDON" | Sailed | 24th Apr. |
| "AEneas" | Sailed | 24th Apr. |
| "MYRMIDON" | Sailed | 24th Apr. |
| "AEneas" | Sailed | 24th Apr. |
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|---------------|---------------------------------------|------------|
| "BENAVON" | London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hull. | 30th Apr. |
| "BENALBANACH" | Kobe, Yokohama, Nagoya & Oahu. | 5th May |
| "BENVENUE" | Liverpool, Dublin & Rotterdam. | 14th May |
| "BENLAVERS" | London, Antwerp & Rotterdam. | 2nd June |
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

Check Your Superstitions

By MILDRED L. KING

IT'S odd! It's even spooky! But do you know the word "superstitious" has 13 letters in it.

Don't look over your left shoulder now or your luck may fade.

Pooh! Not superstitious? Well, let's see! If you haven't just one little, teeny weeny pet superstition you are different from millions of others.

Tests show that almost half the group-ups believe in one or more of the common superstitions which are nothing more nor less than hang-overs from the Middle Ages.

But how about you? Check the following list. Here you have 13 of the most common popular beliefs that are going around. How many do you believe in?

GOOD LUCK: Rabbit's foot; four-leaf clover; knocking on wood; crossing your fingers.

BAD LUCK: Black cat crossing your path; walking under a ladder; breaking a mirror; the number 13; spilling salt; opening an umbrella in a house; cutting out a dress on Friday; picking a comb off the floor without first stepping on it; allowing someone to walk between you and your pal on the street.

Now for your score. Seven or more checks—superstitious. But don't worry. You have plenty of company. Even though modern science has debunked all the old-time superstitions most people still believe in keeping on the good side of them "just in case."

ANSWERS

THREE IN ONE: Part 1. 1—State. 2—Plate. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 2. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 3. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 4. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 5. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 6. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 7. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 8. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 9. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 10. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 11. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 12. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 13. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 14. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 15. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 16. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 17. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 18. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 19. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 20. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 21. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 22. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 23. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 24. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 25. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 26. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 27. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 28. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 29. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 30. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 31. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 32. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 33. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 34. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 35. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 36. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 37. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 38. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 39. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 40. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 41. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 42. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 43. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 44. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 45. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 46. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 47. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 48. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 49. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 50. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 51. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 52. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 53. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 54. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 55. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 56. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 57. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 58. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 59. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 60. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 61. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 62. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 63. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 64. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 65. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 66. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 67. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 68. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 69. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 70. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 71. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 72. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 73. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 74. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 75. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 76. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 77. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 78. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 79. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 80. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 81. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 82. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 83. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 84. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 85. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 86. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 87. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 88. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 89. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 90. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 91. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 92. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 93. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 94. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 95. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 96. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 97. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 98. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 99. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 100. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 101. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 102. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 103. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 104. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 105. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 106. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 107. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 108. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 109. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 110. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 111. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 112. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 113. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 114. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 115. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 116. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 117. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 118. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 119. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 120. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 121. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 122. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 123. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 124. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 125. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 126. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 127. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 128. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 129. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 130. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 131. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 132. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 133. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 134. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 135. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 136. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 137. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 138. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 139. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 140. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 141. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 142. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 143. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 144. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 145. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 146. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 147. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 148. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 149. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 150. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 151. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 152. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 153. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 154. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 155. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 156. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 157. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 158. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 159. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 160. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 161. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 162. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 163. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 164. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 165. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 166. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 167. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 168. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 169. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 170. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 171. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 172. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 173. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 174. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 175. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 176. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 177. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 178. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 179. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 180. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 181. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 182. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 183. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 184. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 185. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 186. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 187. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 188. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 189. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 190. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 191. 1—Estate. 2—Tale. 3—Inert. 4—Mile. 5—Tale. 6—Crater. Part 192

